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THE DEFEAT OF THE GOVERNMENT.

THE majority of sixty-five against the Government which closed the debate on Mr. GLADSTONE'S Irish Resolution throws entirely into the shade the debate itself. It is how the House voted, and not what was said in it, that is important. But it must be owned that it does not take much to throw the debate into the shade. Such a dreary dead-alive affair as it was for three long evenings is not often inflicted on even a nation so patient as the English. It is of course proper that minor members should have their say on a question which affects every one, and which every one, as it trenches on religious principles, believes he can thoroughly understand. It is right too that the opinion of the nation should be slowly and deliberately formed, and arguments like those used by Parliamentary leaders, which are not altogether over the heads of most electors, are useful, because their crudeness and absurdity are equally dear to the member and to his constituents. These mournful rambling utterances of minor members must therefore be endured, but it is a very painful part of the general system of Parliamentary government. On they went, speech after speech, hour after hour, just like two village choirs, with two old organs, one playing and singing the Old Hundredth, and the other the New Hundredth. Among these utterances we must, however, except that of Lord ROYSTON, which was unique in its way, and almost a work of art, so complete and perfect was it as the expression of utter bewilderment and confusion of mind. But it may be feared that its success was attained almost at hazard, for Lord ROYSTON, not satisfied with having done a thing thoroughly well, spoilt its effect afterwards by writing to the newspapers, and trying to give one of his sentences a gleam of sense, thus deranging what had before seemed a perfectly harmonious performance. Even Mr. GLADSTONE had not much to say, and Mr. DISRAELI had still less. It was, however, a happy thought in Mr. GLADSTONE to compare the loyalty of the Irish Protestants, as it is painted by their friends, with the kind of loyalty known formerly in our colonies as that of the specially British party. Colonial Governors were always told that everything depended on keeping this party in good humour; it was the British party that was really loyal; it was the British party that would stand by the Government in its difficulties, which, as Mr. GLADSTONE said, was not more than it ought to have done, seeing that these difficulties were entirely of their own creation. At last Colonial Governors got tired of these pretensions, and adopted a system of justice and equality to all, and it was then found that the British party included the whole colony, and was not merely confined to cliques. This was a very apt and instructive comparison, but the vote was so much more significant and important than anything said on either side that we may forget everything else. It proved, not only that the present House of Commons was resolutely set against the Government on the question, but that the present constituencies are set also against them. If the constituencies were in any way unfavourable to Mr. GLADSTONE'S Resolutions, it would have been impossible that the majority for these Resolutions should have actually increased in the last month. Lord RUSSELL mentioned one night this week in the House of Lords that, at the time when the Appropriation Clause was being finally discussed, so strong a pressure was put on Liberal county members that they came, one after another, and said that to support the Government would cost them their seats. No pressure of the kind has been exercised during the last month. Then, again, the Bishop of LONDON said recently, with very unusual indiscretion, that the clergy were going shortly to do something terrible, and would preach and roar and lash their tails in a way no one would give them credit for. The Bishop may be right, and twenty thousand clergymen may be going all of a sudden to throw away three parts of their influence by taking to politics; but certainly

they have not begun yet. There is not, in any quarter whatever, at present any sign that the majority of sixty-five does not represent the deliberate judgment and resolution of the English people; and if so, we may say, once for all, that the Irish Establishment is practically ended.

Surely the Ministry is, of all Ministries heard of by this generation, the most unlucky. Weak in itself, composed of men holding radically different opinions, discredited by Mr. DISRAELI'S incessant blunders, and with no kind of real power in the House of Commons, it had, as it was thought, one undeniable source of strength. It had the countenance, the affectionate support, and the tender care of Lord DERBY. He was its best friend and protector, and even in its extremity might help it out of many difficulties. All of a sudden this friend and protector has, although in a friendly and protecting way, done his best to damage it. Nothing could exceed the glaring impropriety and imprudence of the course taken by Lord DERBY last Tuesday. In the first place, he—all but a Minister, and intimately associated with the Ministry—asked the Opposition what were their intentions, openly treating them as the real possessors of power, and determining the whole proceedings of Parliament. It was a position of extreme humiliation, and to accept it was quite unnecessary. But it was not only that he wished to know what the Opposition was going to do. He considered that he had a right to refer to the meetings of gentlemen at a private house, and assume that they must tell him what they had there planned to do; a suggestion which drew from Lord GRANVILLE the crushing retort, that he now understood why it was that a Treasury tout was stationed in the bushes near Mr. GLADSTONE'S house. Lord DERBY went on to say that the Lords ought to be consulted as much as the Commons about the Irish Church, and that the proper course was to do exactly what he, last year, in the case of the Reform Bill, took uncommonly good care not to do, and present Resolutions in both Houses simultaneously. Every peer who heard him must have known that this was an utterly impracticable suggestion. The centre of Government must be somewhere, and it is not in the House of Lords. It is only theoretically that the two Houses are equal. In real life two equal Houses, each insisting on its equality, would bring all Government to a deadlock. Practically it is the House of Commons that legislates, and the House of Lords has a suspensive veto on that legislation; not any absolute veto—for the will of the Commons, if it lasts, and is strong and decided, must prevail—but a veto suspending the legislation of the Commons until it is certain that the nation wishes for it. There is, we do not doubt, a very considerable majority in the Lords against Mr. GLADSTONE'S Resolutions; but when a Bill embodying those Resolutions has passed through a future House of Commons, it will then be for the Lords to consider, not whether they would have originated such a measure, which is what Lord DERBY says they ought to determine, but whether it will be prudent and right to suspend the operation of the Bill until the decision of the Commons has been once more taken on it. Lastly, Lord DERBY assumed to say what the Ministry would do and ought to do—a declaration which may very much hamper them if they do not agree with him, and which, if they do agree with him, they ought to make for themselves. There is a manifest inconvenience in having the intentions and duties of the Ministry laid down by a speaker who may fairly claim to represent the Ministry which existed through him, but to which he does not actually belong. What he said he should recommend was that, if the Commons addressed the QUEEN, she should be advised to reject their request, and that whatever majorities might be recorded against them they should not dissolve till next year. These declarations—one pointing to a possible conflict between the House of Commons and the Crown, and the other to a

possible conflict between the House of Commons and the Ministry—are declarations of the gravest and most serious kind, and ought not to have been made, carelessly and out of pure pique, by a peer who has an indirect power to pledge the Government, and yet has no precise title to represent them.

Mr. DISRAELI knew his business far too well to pretend that he was entitled to treat such a decision as that of yesterday morning as a nullity. He knew that it made it incumbent on him to announce his intentions, and to state what the Ministry proposed to do under such a defeat. It is obvious that either he must resign now, or he must dissolve now, or he must announce his intention of dissolving early next year. It is generally taken for granted that this last will be the course he will take, and Lord DERBY has stated in the plainest language that this is what he should recommend. Probably what Lord DERBY recommends will be done, and as the decision will be a fair and irreprehensible one in itself, it is perhaps the one to be expected. But it seems to us that the difficulties which stand in the way of its being adopted are by no means trifling. The Ministry will stay in at the mercy of its opponents. It will be told what to do, and then not allowed to do it. To pass the Scotch and Irish Reform Bills, the Bribery Bill, and the Boundaries Bill, is the first and most immediate of its duties. This sounds simple; but in practice the attempt of a Ministry, which has twice been defeated by such a majority, to pass Bills involving many disputed points is a very hopeless one. There are many questions with regard to the Irish and Scotch Reform Bills on which great difference of opinion exists. They are not very important questions, and the mere fact that one side or the other was taken by a Minister who had the confidence of the House, as Mr. DISRAELI had towards the end of last Session, would settle most of them. But who is to decide them now? When Mr. DISRAELI passed through Galashiels last autumn, he asked those inhabitants of that happy village who happened to be at the station whether they wished to be grouped differently, as if he and they could settle so tiny a matter between them. But now what reason is there to suppose that the fate of Galashiels will depend in the least on the decision of the PRIME MINISTER? The Liberal party is not now dispirited and broken up. It is like an army that has won great battles, and is bound together by the memory of what has been done. Mr. GLADSTONE will of course have hard work to keep his followers together, and tact and courtesy are not much in his line; but he is in a much stronger position than he was last Session, and if he can keep his party together, it is he, and not the occupants of the Treasury Bench, who will really pass the Bills and carry on the work of the Session. The life which the Ministry will lead for the next three months, if they do what Lord DERBY tells them to do, will be a most dismal one. To dissolve now would be in no way justified by the position of the Ministry. They have no right to inflict so great a burden on the country unless they are morally certain of altering their position. If they dissolved and were beaten, as they probably would be, this would be only a costly and cumbersome method of resigning, and they had much better resign at once. It is entirely for Mr. DISRAELI to judge, and if he likes to go through the misery of trying to manage the House for three months more, in face of a hostile and resolute majority, he will be justified by the peculiar circumstances of the case in taking that course. But both for his own credit and in the interests of his party, which is infinitely stronger on Church questions when in opposition, and also to avoid exposing Parliamentary government to a severe and painful test, his best course, we have no hesitation in saying, would be to resign at once. It is true that, of all courses he could take, this would be the most dangerous and embarrassing to the Liberal party; but he cannot be expected to care much about this, and at any rate it is for himself to decide whether he will retain office merely to oblige his adversaries.

ABYSSINIA.

THE issue of the Abyssinian Expedition has taken all the world by surprise. The victory has been so complete, the objects of the enterprise have been so suddenly and so absolutely accomplished, that there is really nothing left to wish for. Imagination could not have painted anything brighter and more satisfactory than what has happened. For generations the history of this strange undertaking will linger in the memory of Englishmen. Everything tends to make the story interesting. In the first place, there is the character of the country which was the theatre of operations—a country not known to the civilized world, and yet by religion a part

of it; a country where the chief title to honour is to be descended from SOLOMON; and yet a country absolutely unknown except to a few bewildered and inaccurate travellers. Physically, too, there is a sort of stern romance in this curious land, with its incessant ridges of high mountains broken by precipitous ravines, and crowned with isolated masses of rocks rising high and sheer into the air above the highest plateau. The man, again, whose wrath was the cause of such unnumbered woes to the British taxpayer is fit to be one of the regular bad heroes of Oriental romance. He was brave, as we now know, to a degree that at least raised him infinitely above his countrymen. He was ingenious, and ready to patronize and stimulate ingenuity; he was persevering to obstinacy; he had even a fitful, wayward interest in men and things greater and better than himself; and it may have been true that he wished to see what a regular army was like, although it came to destroy him if it could. But his life is undoubtedly invested with a new brilliancy from his death. Although, theoretically, suicide—if he did commit suicide—was wrong in him, yet every one must admit that secretly he thinks much better of this daring savage for having preferred death to ignominy. That he dared to die raises him in the general estimation; and if his death was not inglorious to him, it certainly was most convenient to us. He could not possibly have pursued any course of conduct which could have suited us better than that which he actually adopted. He might have run away, and we should not have known how to catch him. He stayed, he fought; he even began the fight, and attacked us. Of course he was beaten, and it would be absurd to claim any great glory for English soldiers when they kill five hundred half-armed barbarians without losing a man themselves. But if the victory was only what was to be expected, it was sufficient. It procured the release of the captives. If THEODORE dared to die, and wished to spite us, he might have killed the captives, or hurried them off into some region inaccessible to us. But he did his very best for us, and sent them in safe and sound to the English camp. First he sent all the English, and then all the Europeans, so as to pay us a little incidental compliment even when obeying our orders. Lastly, he most considerably refused to surrender himself. He spared us a great difficulty, for we should not have known what to do with him, as we could not kill him in cold blood, and we could make no use or example of him by keeping him alive. Most fortunately for us he decided to risk his life, and gave us the opportunity of storming Magdala, and of proving that his stronghold was not invincible. If we had not shown that we could take a place which every Abyssinian, and almost every European traveller, believed to be totally impregnable, we should not have finished our work. There would still have been a point at which it would have been uncertain whether we should not have been baffled. THEODORE saved us from this. He gave us the chance of showing what English courage and science could do against his fortress, and then, having fought the fight out to the last, he killed himself, or, at any rate, fell gloriously in the breach, and allowed us to go back to our own country without any further trouble.

Every Englishman must be proud of the General and the army that have accomplished this great feat so successfully. The completeness and suddenness of the success ought not to blind us to the difficulties that were to be encountered, and to the skill and patience with which they were overcome. In its own peculiar way the workmanship of Sir ROBERT NAPIER has never been surpassed in the annals of war. He went to a totally unknown country to conduct an expedition which was unpopular, and which he knew every one at home longed to see finished, and to face that worst of uncertainties—the uncertainty whether, after every effort, he would ever have even the chance of doing anything. Everything depended on his being, up to the right point, very prudent and cautious; and, after that point, on his being capable of pushing forward troops with the greatest celerity. It was pre-eminently an expedition which depended for its success on the general conviction that its leader was a man who could resist pressure, and make everything safe behind him, and could then force every one forward, and seize the opportunity of a sudden advance. The problem was how to use the resources of modern science and the experience of highly trained armies, so as to deal one crushing blow at a great distance from the sea, in the midst of a most difficult country, and within a comparatively short time. Sir ROBERT NAPIER has solved the problem. He waited a long time before he pushed forward, and he has spent a great deal of money; but he only waited so long a time as would still let him push forward before the rains, and gave him the greatest amount of security that could be combined with the necessity of ultimately encounter-

ing a serious risk. It was impossible that any general could have had greater difficulty from the roads and means of communication available for his troops; but he knew what it is in the power of man to do in order to make roads practicable, and he got out of his army, in the way of road-making, travelling, pushing on supplies, and placing exactly the right number of troops to face the enemy with a certainty of winning, as much as could have been got out of any army by any general. What makes his success more satisfactory is that he was selected on the right principle, and was allowed to go on upon the right principle. He was selected from a branch of the service which has hitherto been seldom permitted to aspire to great commands, because it has little interest at the Horse Guards. He was an Engineer, and Engineers have been hitherto thought for the most part only fit to do what the favourites of the home authorities bade them do. And since he has been appointed he has been dealt with handsomely and generously by the Government, which has supplied him with everything he could want, and then left him alone. It may be doubted whether as much can be said of any English general since PITT sent WOLFE to take Quebec. The Government has a credit due to it which ought to be recognised frankly, and which ought not to be forgotten because its functions have been unobtrusive. There never was an expedition as to which it can be said that so few mistakes have been made; and when we call to mind the disastrous consequences that have attended on the sending out of expeditions on different principles, and what an infinity of money and life has been wasted at various periods of modern English history on enterprises spoilt by the choice from favouritism of utterly incompetent generals, and by incessant interference from home, we may be very glad to think we have lived to see better days. The success of the experiment that has now been tried will, we may hope, make it impossible for the future that we should go back to our old bad courses, and again destroy our armies by jobbery and petty interference.

It is pleasant to think of the reputation which this feat of arms will win us in Europe and Asia, and of the effects which we may reasonably hope it will produce. We shall have shown, in the first place, that we could undertake a war which we very much disliked, and could undertake it solely from a sense of duty, and without any hope of profit or advantage. We shall have brought comfort and hope to the captives we have rescued, and have conferred a not inconsiderable benefit on those nations which could not have rescued their captives for themselves. We shall have proved to barbarian nations that we are still what we have been for the last hundred years, and that the arm of England reaches far, and strikes hard if it is once put out. We sincerely congratulate Sir STAFFORD NORTHOTE on the pleasure with which he must now think of his Hadjis, and of the tales they will now have to tell. The result is certainly most satisfactory so far as India goes; for Indian troops have been associated out of India with English forces, and have gained a common triumph; and yet these very troops must have been impressed with the conviction that all their bravery and military alacrity would have done little had they not been utilized by the skill and science of an English general. The inexorable severity with which Sir ROBERT NAPIER insisted on the dismissal of the train of camp-followers that usually accompanies an Indian army proved that, on emergencies and under peculiar circumstances, Indian troops may be employed with a rapidity and effect hitherto thought impossible; while, on the other hand, the great service which the camels, and more especially the elephants, rendered to the expedition proved that a general in possession of Indian equipments of war has some advantages which a general employing European equipments and aids could not have. To say that we have raised our fame as a military nation in Europe is to say too much. To beat an Abyssinian army was nothing in itself, and the French in Algiers and Mexico, and the Russians in the Caucasus, have conducted most difficult operations, not unlike the Abyssinian Expedition, with great success, and without any one out of military circles happening to know anything about them. It would be most silly to brag and boast of this expedition, as if no other nation could have done it. But we have done it, as all the critical world of foreigners will allow, in a neat, effective, creditable manner. No one will pretend that it could have been better done, and many will own that, with their general impressions of English military efficiency, they did not expect it to have been done half so well. Lastly, we almost hope that we shall now convince the French press that we did not go to Abyssinia with the subtle design of cutting out M. LESSERS, and seizing on something that might serve us as an offset against the Suez Canal. We cannot, in-

deed, be quite sure that anything will dispel the firm belief of Parisian journalists that all this about THEODORE and RASSAM and the captives was all make-believe, and that what we really wanted was to get the whip hand of France and command the southern entrance of the big French ditch. Still, when the last English soldier has left Zoulla, and the last English transport has steamed out of the Red Sea, when the Wagshum and all our other new friends have been left to themselves; and when we have paid an increased Income-tax and have settled the accounts of our Expedition, we hope that Frenchmen will come to believe that we would not take Abyssinia as our own if we were paid to take it, and that Englishmen will come to believe that henceforth, if they choose to go to places like Abyssinia, they do so at their own peril, and that they certainly will not be rescued at the cost of another Expedition like this one.

THE LIBERAL PARTY.

THE leaders of the Liberal party are almost embarrassed by the weakness of their opponents. A Government has often commanded an irresistible majority, but an Opposition which can carry important divisions with fifty or sixty votes to spare becomes responsible for its own moderation. The Government might with the greatest ease have retained undisputed possession of office until the inevitable termination of their official career on the meeting of the reformed Parliament, but an incredible series of blunders has probably overcome the distaste of the House of Commons to a change of Administration. Mr. GLADSTONE is, for the first time, at the head of a united party which may at any moment resolve to profit by its strength; and Lord DERBY's speech contained an indirect challenge which may possibly be accepted. The House of Commons recognises the plausibility of the excuse for adhesion to office which is derived from the exceptional relation of members to their moribund constituencies, but Parliament is still technically supreme, and, if it is taunted with helplessness, it may probably exert its irresistible power. A vote of want of confidence must be followed either by resignation or by an appeal to the country; and the enormous inconvenience of an immediate dissolution would lead many persons to prefer the destruction of the Government, which has been respite because it was desirable to wait for an election in the winter. So much of the Session has been wasted that there is little chance that serious legislation can now take place under any Government. It would take a fortnight to form a new Ministry; but nearly as long an interval will probably be occupied by debates on the remaining Resolutions, and on the Bill by which they must be followed. The regular votes might be as easily proposed by Mr. GLADSTONE as by Mr. DISRAELI, and the Scotch and Irish Reform Bills will under any circumstances be in great danger of being postponed. The cause of the Conservative party has been steadily declining since the beginning of the Session, nor is the encouraging result of the Bristol election an equivalent for a long series of merited disasters; yet it is possible that Mr. DISRAELI may think that the defeat of Mr. MORLEY implies the possible success of his transfer of power from the shopkeepers to the working people. The revelations as to the commercial proceedings of Sir MORTON PETO, on whom Mr. DISRAELI, as well as Mr. GLADSTONE, a year ago pronounced an eloquent eulogy, may perhaps account for the suspicion with which another wealthy stranger of the same political type was received. Notwithstanding their occasional triumphs, the Conservative members will, it is generally thought, be decimated at the next election. It would, on the whole, be for the interest of the Liberal party to postpone for a few months their accession to office, and the unexpected helplessness of the Irish Establishment secures them against the risk of failure in their latest negative reform. The speeches which have occupied the evenings of this week were either superfluous demonstrations of an evident truth, or virtual admissions that the cause of the Irish Church was hopeless. The controversy has been carried on out of doors with somewhat more spirit by the ingenious newsmongers whose fictions Mr. GLADSTONE lately thought it necessary to contradict. The gentlemen on the back benches said nothing which was so likely to influence a certain kind of public opinion as the statement that Mr. GLADSTONE told the POPE that he was going to destroy the Irish Church, or that he refused to attend HER MAJESTY to a Presbyterian Sunday service. Although neither allegation perceptibly affects the expediency of disestablishing the Irish Church, anything which made Mr. DISRAELI's declared successor unpopular might possibly tend to keep the present Government in power. The arguments

of Mr. ADDERLEY and Mr. MOWBRAY could only remind a wearied audience that the division was postponed for the convenience of gentlemen who were seeing a dead-heat run at Newmarket. Even dull speakers are sometimes impressive when they represent a strong conviction shared by themselves with large sections of the community; but the rank and file of defenders of the Irish Church spoke in the tone of advocates who were rather anxious to say something for their own credit than to contend against an adverse verdict. When arguments and numbers are on the same side, Parliamentary debates become very uninteresting. Lord DERBY's rash attempt to remove the discussion to the House of Lords excited a somewhat livelier interest than the prolix conversation in the House of Commons; but Mr. DISRAELI's luck is leaving him, and the strong desire to allow him a fair trial, which prevailed after his accession to office, has been superseded by a general impatience of blundering insincerity. The Government holds office at the pleasure of Mr. GLADSTONE, and its tenure was visibly insecure even before Mr. DISRAELI asked time to consider his policy.

The Liberals will hereafter have a more formidable enemy to fear than the party which has long furnished them with an excuse for existence, and with successive opportunities of easy victory. The Irish Church will be the last of the flagrant abuses which have been overthrown by Parliament in the course of forty years. Slavery, protection, and religious disabilities have fallen in succession; and Mr. GLADSTONE has represented, in the more or less rapid changes of his opinions, the progress of thought in the country at large. It is pleasant to deal with abuses which are at the same time mischievous and indefensible, because logical exposure of a fallacy is more satisfactory than any doubtful calculation of possible consequences. The new constituencies, or their probable leaders, are not devoted to the study of political economy, and the innovations which they will desire are alien to the traditions of English statesmen. The name of Liberalism may perhaps be inherited by the dominant party, but the doctrines which have prevailed since 1832, and even from an earlier period, will probably be maintained henceforth by a minority. The more rational Conservatives will ally themselves with their former rivals, although zealous partisans may, as in 1866, affect to rely on the ignorance of the multitude for aid against their own moderate adversaries. The extension of direct taxation, which will have been facilitated by Mr. HUNT's injudicious Budget, will probably preclude special interference with property in land. Both movements will be resisted by the old-fashioned Liberals, who will perhaps by that time have lost their name, but it will be a painful duty to co-operate with stupid and obstinate reactionists who always resist even vicious changes for wrong reasons. When Sir ROBERT PEEL long ago pledged himself, in his candid manner, to reform all proved abuses, some of his followers confessed that they scarcely valued an abuse until it was proved. The Irish Establishment satisfies the conditions of Conservative enthusiasm; and the Liberals agree with Mr. GLADSTONE's Resolutions because disestablishment is just and expedient. When they have received their crowning mercy, it may perhaps be their duty, as the Royalist said after the battle of Worcester, having done their work, to fall to blows with themselves. Mr. GLADSTONE's intellectual temperament may not improbably incline him to sympathize with tendencies which have but lately risen above the political horizon. Mr. BRIGHT will be less ready to adapt himself to the new world; and the surviving colleagues of Lord PALMERSTON will, with the exception of the Duke of ARGYLL, find themselves wholly out of place among the Liberals of the coming generation.

Anticipations of the comparatively distant future will be less generally interesting than rumours and conjectures relating to immediate combinations. The division of last night might have been less disadvantageous to the Government if Lord DERBY could have been induced to abstain from embarrassing his successors with injudicious assistance. A vague impression that some of Mr. GLADSTONE's Resolutions were unconstitutional might have reduced the majority by several votes, if the matter had not been fully and prematurely explained in the House of Lords. It cannot be doubted that Mr. DISRAELI and his colleagues are beginning to contemplate the contingency of resignation; and it is not very likely that their gleam of good fortune at Bristol and in East Kent should tempt them into the inexcusable error of a dissolution. The licensed victuallers are perhaps not profoundly sensible to the anomalies of the Irish Church; but in nearly all the large towns the Liberal party would derive great advantage from the definite issue which has been raised by Mr. GLADSTONE. Mr. DISRAELI, who believes that he understands all the petty machinery of elections, cannot but foresee that candidates

will be languid in contests which can at the most give them a six months' tenure of their seats. A dissolution would make Mr. GLADSTONE Minister in July, while his accession to power might, under more prudent counsels, have been possibly postponed till February.

ATTEMPTED ASSASSINATION OF THE DUKE OF EDINBURGH.

ALL that could be said on the atrocious crime perpetrated, and now, it seems, expiated, in Australia, has been said; and it is a case in which rhetorical amplification only weakens the effect of the event itself. Simply to announce, in the plainest language and without any artificial pomp of words, the commission of a great deed of good or evil, is the truest eloquence, as of eulogy so of condemnation. When the common conscience of mankind pronounces a unanimous judgment, to do anything more than to state the fact savours, if not of impertinence, at least of artificiality. Professed rhetoricians in Parliament and in the press are listened to with something like impatience when they enlarge on such an atrocity as that perpetrated on the person of the Duke of EDINBURGH, because they can only say imperfectly what everybody feels, and it is sorry work to have to dilute a noble, because a natural, emotion. Indignation is the only feeling which has been called forth. There are degrees and varieties of emotion which murders and assassinations compel—pity and terror and blank horror, and an amazed and stupefied wonder. These natural sentiments are excited by some crimes of violence; and it is not always, perhaps not often, that mere indignation is the sole or predominant feeling produced by a deed of stupendous wickedness. Tyrannicide and political assassination, if they cannot be justified, can be accounted for, because they really do remove an obstacle to the success of a faction, or a policy. The crimes which disposed of the inconvenient presence of the Emperor PAUL, or of KOTZEBUE, or of ROSSI, had at least an intelligible purpose, and accomplished it; and when, in the persons of the present rulers of France and Russia, ORSINI and BEREZOWSKI attempted, however wickedly, to punish what was thought, or pretended to be thought, a high misdemeanour or treason against a nation, there was a definite object in view which might have been attained if the attempt had been successful. But to have murdered the Duke of EDINBURGH could have had no political consequences. That very harmless prince had committed no fault which the fanaticism of the wildest patriot could distort into a personal, or a national, affront. To be born of a Royal House is the Duke of EDINBURGH's only conceivable offence. But this was enough. Not that Fenianism has an abstract hatred to Royalty in itself, or a particular vendetta against the reigning Family. Fenians only murder, burn, and destroy because murder and arson and assassination are their most expressive language. Their object is simply to terrorize society. Murder, and murder of the most distinguished persons, is, in their view, the most forcible way in which they can carry out their objects. Their quarrel is not with Queens and Princes and Ministers, but with society. If they could organize an earthquake which should only destroy cities and not men, or a great storm and tempest which should annihilate property and commerce without the loss of human life, perhaps they would prefer to terrorize us by these bloodless means. But as they cannot, and as bloodshed and murder are their only available means for carrying out their ends, they take to murder and bloodshed, not perhaps for the mere love of slaughter, but because nothing else will tell, as they think, upon the fears of mankind. And it is on this account that we get to look at Fenians, not as mere political fanatics, but as enemies of the human race.

Mr. GLADSTONE doubts, or affects to doubt, whether O'FARRELL is a Fenian; though on this point perhaps O'FARRELL is a better authority than even Mr. GLADSTONE. But, with all deference to that extenuation of Fenianism which is thus charitably implied, we should say rather that the particular character of the crime, quite as much as the criminal's exulting confession, bewrayeth him. To shoot a British prince in the back is an action precisely characterized by the expression attributed to BARRETT in connexion with the Clerkenwell massacre. To blow up half London, and to murder the Duke of EDINBURGH, were each alike expedients—"diabolical" expedients as it was owned—deliberately adopted with a view to alarm and shake society to its centre. To compass and gain this result is their common element; and the fact that they have this point of agreement proves that the crimes, in one case premeditated and planned, or at any rate threatened, and in the other exe-

cut, both proceed from the same inspiration. They are struck in the same mint. As it was only Fenianism that actually blew up all those poor innocent women and children in Clerkenwell, so it could be Fenianism, and nothing but Fenianism, which determined to murder the Duke of EDINBURGH. And the act meant a good deal. It was designed to show that the great *Vehme Gerichte* had very long and strong arms; it is now officially stated that the attempted murder of the Prince was ordered, and we suppose paid for, just as the Sheffield murders were ordered by BROADHEAD. The deed was planned to show that there was a perfect understanding between Ireland, or at least American Ireland, and the utmost parts of the earth. This crime, and the murder of Mr. M'GEE, had for their common object to prove that the martyrs' blood shed on the Manchester scaffold cried to avenging brethren in Canada and in Sydney, and was answered with a swift and sudden retribution; that England might for a moment think to stamp out the plague in her own household, but that it would break out here and there secretly, suddenly, simultaneously, irresistibly; that no place, no station, no loyal discharge of duty, not even an exceptional attempt to soothe or conciliate, would be accepted as an immunity from the decree of doom. Society must be shaken to its very core; and the weaker the personal motive which can have influenced the murderer—or, rather, the more complete the absence of all personal motive—and the less reason that could be given for the peculiar character and circumstances of the assault, the more impressive its significance. Such is the very intelligible method of controversy which Fenianism has adopted, and the strength of its arguments increases. The Clerkenwell outrage might have been perpetrated only for the commonplace purpose of rescuing a comrade. The Manchester murder need not have had a much higher, or deeper, meaning. The assassination of Mr. M'GEE, if it was dictated from headquarters in New York, although it meant more than mere revenge against one who was regarded as an apostate from his original faith in the sacred cause of rebellion, and although it showed how widely spread the conspiracy is, had something of personal rancour, and so something of ordinary human passion, at the bottom. But the Manchester murder and the Clerkenwell massacre and the Ottawa assassination wanted rounding and completing and emphasizing. This has been done at Sydney. There we see Fenianism at full growth, and with perfect speech. The act—exceptional, bloody, cowardly, but consistent with all that has gone before—proves the actor. It wanted not O'FARRELL'S confession to demonstrate its paternity.

It is, we fear, just a little doubtful how such a deed will tell on the public mind. If we were what we once thought ourselves to be, if public opinion followed what we once thought was British public spirit, if the spirit of government were not paralysed, and the art of government lost, it could have only one result. But, as things are, another than that one result is quite conceivable. When society is menaced with destruction it may either resolve to fight the fight fairly out, and to accept the issue so forced upon it, or it may give in. We fear it must be owned that recent precedents are in favour of giving in. Many people will say in their hearts, Rather than run the risk of these perpetual plots and assassinations, this constant wear and tear of social peace and order, this dreadful sense of insecurity, let things go; let Ireland go; let churches, and property, and law, and Imperial interests, or any other interests, go. Better to have life at the price demanded by the enemies of life than to maintain it with this sort of struggle and against all these repeated and persistent attempts at blood-shedding. Fenianism knows and shows its strength, and people may as well admit it. Nobody will say all this openly, but it is not quite so clear that a good many people will not be disposed to act upon it. Or rather, they will not act at all; while Fenians and the like of Fenians will act, and in a very explicit and straightforward way. Nobody knows, to be sure, exactly what Fenians want, but the very vagueness and uncertainty of their demands will, in certain quarters and in some conditions of public feeling, help the assailants of order and the enemies of society. It would almost seem that the English temper is becoming bourgeoisized—if we may invent a term which must, from the nature of the case, be a novelty, because the thing signified is strange to English feeling, and therefore to the English language. France has accepted one sort of despotism for the sake, not of actual life itself, but of the accessories of life. The late Reform Bill was passed by a Parliament not one-half of which wanted it or liked it, and in the face of inert and silent multitudes of educated people who suspected or feared the change. But we could not stand the Reform

League, and the processions, and the Hyde Park riots, and BEALES and BRADLAUGH. So we gave in, and have taken a leap in the dark. And though the Leaguers are not Fenians and conspirators, the Fenians and conspirators are only repeating, in a more sharply accentuated form, the policy which succeeded in the last English revolution. In either case, the policy was one of terrorism. The fact that it has answered once may not unnaturally be taken as a reason for thinking that it will answer again, and anyhow it is an inducement to try it again. It is in this point of view that the attempted murder of the Duke of EDINBURGH has its chief and fatal significance.

AMERICA.

IF the American Senate cares to ascertain the truth, it must long since have satisfied itself that the PRESIDENT, in his struggle with Congress, has not entered into any grave conspiracy against the Republic. The charge of a design to expel Mr. STANTON from the War Department by force was curiously illustrated by General THOMAS'S candid and simple-minded statement. When the military instrument of the audacious usurper for the second time demanded possession of the office, Mr. STANTON, instead of exhibiting either terror or defiant heroism, put his arm round the intruder's neck and ordered a bottle of whisky, and the rival Secretaries for War took a friendly drink together. The anecdote tends to remove the impression that the austerity of Mr. STANTON'S patriotism renders him harsh and severe to his opponents. The PRESIDENT, indeed, had assured General THOMAS that the Secretary was a coward; but on the particular occasion there was nothing to frighten the most timid of women or of children. If an act of revolutionary violence had been intended, General THOMAS would not have been employed to perpetrate it; and the selection of an obscure and goodhumoured old soldier confirms Mr. JOHNSON'S statement that he only desired to bring the question to a judicial decision. Mr. BUTLER endeavoured to turn General THOMAS'S oddity to his own purpose by suggesting that the arch-criminal deliberately preferred an irresponsible tool to an efficient subordinate; but the office had been in the first instance conferred on General GRANT, and when the temporary occupant thought that his political prospects might be injured by alliance with the PRESIDENT, the second officer in rank and reputation to be found in the army was urged to accept the vacant post. General SHERMAN proved that the PRESIDENT had on two occasions requested him to accept the post of temporary Secretary, and he was, after a long contest between the managers and the counsel for the defence, allowed to state that the PRESIDENT at the same time expressed his desire to bring the case under the cognizance of the Supreme Court. The managers made a vigorous effort to exclude the evidence, and the ruling of the CHIEF JUSTICE that it was admissible was twice overruled by narrow majorities; but on a subsequent day Mr. REVERDY JOHNSON, who is considered the ablest lawyer in the Senate, succeeded in repeating the question on his own behalf. The counsel for the defence offered to prove that the Cabinet had unanimously denounced the Tenure of Office Bill as unconstitutional, and that Mr. STANTON himself had drawn the Message which accompanied the PRESIDENT'S veto on the measure. The Senate refused to accept the evidence, as it has also refused to accept the testimony of Secretary WELLES, tendered with a similar object; but in some cases it is as advantageous to tender a proof as to extract the expected answer from a witness. Mr. STANTON'S opinion is not conclusive of the constitutional validity of the Bill, but there is a strong probability that his Republican allies may have concurred in his judgment.

Notwithstanding the virtual collapse of the case for the prosecution, it seems still to be taken for granted that the necessary majority of the Senate will vote for the conviction. On interlocutory questions there have been several close divisions, and it was especially remarked that, in one extraordinary instance, Mr. SUMNER voted according to his opinion of the merits, and against his own party. It is also said that the Senators have lately become less communicative of their intentions, and on the whole the highest tribunal of the nation is learning that it is a Court, and not a political assembly; but practitioners in criminal courts know by experience that the candour and courtesy of a judge sometimes augur little good to their clients. An impartial demeanour may be preparatory to a preconceived decision, and it is certain that extreme Republicans throughout the country rely with confidence on the partisanship of their friends in the Senate. The impeachment may perhaps not end in formal failure, but it has un-

doubtedly been a mistake. The unpopularity of Mr. JOHNSON would, in the Presidential election, have more than counterbalanced the influence of the patronage which the Republicans hope to appropriate through Mr. WADE, and a contumacious President would have been more useful to the majority in Congress than a victim who will not have been treated with justice or with mercy. The dullest political fanatic can scarcely fail to understand the absurdity of charges of coarseness advanced by Mr. BUTLER against the PRESIDENT, for the purpose of substituting Mr. WADE for Mr. JOHNSON. At the commencement of the trial the managers contended that the Senate was unrestricted by the rules of law, and that it was only amenable to the conscience of its members; yet the defence has been interrupted and impeded by every technical objection to evidence which could be suggested by the ingenuity of Mr. BUTLER and his associates. Many Americans entertain a high respect for pettifogging smartness; but it is difficult to believe that ostentatious unfairness will be generally or permanently popular. Demagogues who unnecessarily discredit their cause often incur the resentment of the faction which it was their principal object to flatter. If the impeachment is successful, the power of the PRESIDENT will have been weakened, the dignity of the Senate will have been impaired, and the House of Representatives will have exhibited a conspicuous want of moderation and statesmanship. A failure, on the other hand, which is perhaps possible, will irritate the Republicans by the gratuitous exposure of the impolicy of the party. Under any circumstances the Democrats will be the principal gainers, and they have already profited largely by the extraordinary coarseness of the principal manager of the impeachment. Mr. BUTLER, having been allowed by his colleagues to undertake almost exclusively the conduct of the prosecution, has displayed in the most repulsive form the qualities which first raised him to notoriety in the criminal courts of New York. He has bullied the witnesses, he has rudely affronted the counsel for the defence, he has offended some of the most eminent Senators, and he has not shrunk from insulting the CHIEF JUSTICE. On one of the motions for adjournment he delivered a wild harangue on the murders which, as he asserted, were every day perpetrated in the South because the great criminal at Washington was still allowed to pursue his guilty career. No worse type has been exhibited, in Europe or America, of the kind of advocate who was called an Old Bailey lawyer before vulgarity and insolence became obsolete even at the Old Bailey. As Mr. BUTLER is deficient neither in ability nor in experience, it may be presumed that his demeanour is acceptable to some portion of the American community; but it is due to the more respectable members of his party to notice the bitter indignation with which his unfairness and insolence are regarded.

The verdict will probably have little effect on the nomination at Chicago, where the Republican Convention will meet on the 20th of May. General GRANT, who is the only candidate in the field, will certainly be selected both by the violent and by the moderate members of the party; but it is not enough to agree on the name of a President, and there will be extreme difficulty in framing a platform, or declaration of principle. One body of extreme Radicals will insist on universal negro suffrage; and the Germans will demand the practical abolition of the Presidency, if not of the Senate. As nearly all the Northern States have refused the suffrage to their own coloured citizens, the Convention can scarcely risk the prospects of the Republican party on the adoption of an unpopular doctrine, and it is still more unlikely that the managers will assent to any proposal for a revolutionary change in the Constitution; but it will be necessary to make some definite professions, and the Republicans have scarcely a principle in common which can be plausibly presented as a part of the distinctive creed of the party. General GRANT has been preferred to more zealous politicians, partly because he is popular with the people, and especially with the disbanded soldiers; and, in a great measure, on the ground of his neutral position. Until the date of his rupture with the PRESIDENT, he had successfully concealed his political leanings; and although he ultimately thought it prudent to take the part of Congress, he is still at liberty to adopt any course which may be expedient on all the questions which divide the Republican party. The leaders of the Convention will have no difficulty in pledging themselves to a protective tariff, for the Western States are at present not so far advanced in political economy as to understand their own obvious interests. A more difficult question will arise when it becomes necessary to consider the policy of partial re-

pudiation by the discharge of the national obligations in paper currency. General GRANT will probably accept without reluctance the decision of the Convention, especially as the PRESIDENT is not primarily responsible for the financial policy of Congress; but when debtors propose to plunder their creditors, it is impossible to assist either party without incurring the resentment of the hostile disputant. Although some New York politicians think that their interests will be promoted by the advocacy of repudiation, Mr. BUTLER is at present in a minority among the Republicans of his own State, and even the local leader of the Democrats has declared himself in favour of keeping faith with the public creditor. Mr. STEVENS probably represents a larger proportion of repudiators in Pennsylvania, where the traditions of the State have always savoured of financial laxity. Beyond the limits of the Atlantic States the owners of greenbacks are regarded with the feeling which a spendthrift heir entertains for money-lenders. The belief in popular omnipotence which has been sedulously cultivated by American speakers and writers weakens the scruples which might otherwise occur when an unnecessary bankruptcy is contemplated. The Western settler cannot understand why the bondholder should be paid in gold when he can himself obtain nothing better than greenbacks for his corn and his wool. There is, in fact, no reason for the distinction except that it was part of the bargain; and that no loans could have been raised during the war on easier terms. The Democrats, who will include repudiation in their own platform, hope to detach many votes from the Republican party, if the Chicago Convention determines that the balance of advantage is on the side of honesty. The House of Representatives has already damaged the party seriously by engaging in the impeachment.

TRIAL OF THE CLERKENWELL CONSPIRATORS.

THE verdict in the case of the Clerkenwell conspiracy was intelligent and creditable, even if it be possible that more than one guilty person has escaped. There is a general disposition, when an outrage of great magnitude has been committed, to demand a victim. Fenianism is in such disrepute that its abettors may well have thought they had little reason to expect a British jury to consider them innocent of anything; and lastly, the evidence of accomplices, though justly disparaged by the law, is usually damning on account of the precision and the detail which accomplices usually are able to contribute to the history of the crime. In spite of all this, four out of the five prisoners were acquitted, and the jury showed that no mawkish horror of capital punishment was the cause, by convicting the fifth man, BARRETT, in spite of a plausible and clever *alibi*. After the charge of the CHIEF JUSTICE it was far from certain that BARRETT himself might not escape; for, to the credit of English law be it said, the presiding Judge presented the case for the prisoner as fairly and as forcibly as if it had been the narrative of innocence. BARRETT's *alibi*, however, did what *alibis* so often do—it helped to convict its author. When a prisoner's counsel presents an *alibi* to a Court, he inevitably runs one great risk. Up to this moment he has been acting on the defensive, relying on the weakness of the prosecution, and entrenching himself behind the lenient principle of the law which requires that a man's guilt shall be clearly and indisputably brought home to him. The introduction of the *alibi* is felt to shift the onus of proof on to the prisoner's shoulders. The theory of course remains the same, that the benefit of every fair doubt is to be given to the accused, but the practical result is that the defence appear to take upon themselves the burden of establishing the prisoner's innocence. The jury insensibly fall into the trial of a new issue. They try in effect the truth of the *alibi*, not the sufficiency of the case for the prosecution; and if the *alibi* is inadequate, a verdict of guilty is the invariable consequence.

The *alibi* suggested by BARRETT, and worked up for him by his friends and sympathizers outside the gaol, was ingeniously constructed. In one sense it cannot be said to have broken down. The witnesses who came to depose to it were not cross-examined out of their story. They left the box with the odour of Fenianism hanging perhaps about them, but adhering substantially to their narrative. McNULTY's anecdote was singularly circumstantial, and it is difficult to believe that it was a mere invention from first to last. That he should have refused to Captain M'ALL, in the first instance, the information he vouchsafed afterwards on oath in support of the defence is a circumstance which militates against him, but which is not in itself conclusive of his mendacity. If the police had gone round to BARRETT's acquaintances

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one after the other, they would probably have found them reticent or evasive on the subject of their interviews with the culprit, yet it would not follow that the interviews had not really occurred. The editor of the Glasgow paper, again, might well be set down as a seditious demagogue, and yet be incapable, from temperament or character, of coming up to London to commit gross perjury. The weakness of the *alibi* was displayed rather in the conspicuous absence of witnesses who might have been produced, than in any obvious inconsistencies in the tales of those who were examined. If BARRETT was in Glasgow at the time of the explosion, those with whom he lodged would have been able to say so. Instead of such obvious testimony, a mist rested on all his proceedings at Glasgow except so far as one or two incidents were concerned, which may well have happened (with slight alteration) at a different date from that which BARRETT now wishes to assign to them. This, in fact, is the way in which a disingenuous *alibi* is generally worked. Actual occurrences are adopted as the groundwork, but the day is changed to a week earlier or a week later than the truth. This description of *alibi* is not always, or nearly always, destroyed in cross-examination. It is plain that it is not easy to destroy it, for in all circumstances, except the day and hour, it is founded upon absolute fact. And occasionally (though of course rarely) it occurs that the people who are selected to speak to it are themselves ignorant of the chronological blunder they have made. In opposition to BARRETT's story there was one overwhelming fact, which the CHIEF JUSTICE properly commented upon. Commonly speaking, when an *alibi* is brought upon the stage, it is in a case when those who testify to the identity of the accused have not been familiar with his person. But the witnesses for the prosecution who swore to BARRETT's presence in London knew him, and could distinguish him, as well as M'NULTY and M'MANUS. They could not be the victims of an optical delusion. If they were wrong, they were wrong deliberately, and in pursuance of a diabolical desire to ruin him. To the identification of him by other accidental spectators who had observed him once and once only in a street, one attaches less importance. Everybody knows how easy it is to make mistakes about identity in the usual sense of the word. But, as far as the chief evidence against BARRETT went, it was no question of identifying a stranger. The common sense of the jury revolted against the supposition that a man's neighbours and acquaintances could be the prey of a wholesale and unaccountable hallucination; and very properly discredited the contradictory Glasgow tale, the composition of which was so easy to be explained.

Acting in conformity with the usual course of practice in this country, the CHIEF JUSTICE had advised them to abstain from grounding their judgment on the uncorroborated oaths of any number of informers. It is a popular error to suppose that the law imposes any such disability on accomplices as to insist that they should be held unworthy of credit until confirmed by untainted witnesses. The law demands nothing of the sort, but the wise and lenient practice of the Judges is to recommend that corroboration should be required. This rule or practice may be carried to extreme lengths, and the recent trials, both of the so-called Clerkenwell conspirators and of the Fenian BURKE, show the difficulties in which the public interests may be placed by its enforcement. If accomplices are never to be believed, even when they appear in flocks, it is not easy to convict any one of being a traitor, a conspirator, or a Fenian. Sound sense lies rather in the middle between the two extremes, and there would practically be small danger in leaving it to the discretion of juries, after hearing the cross-examination of accomplices, to say whether there were any reasonable chance of their having concocted together a successful fiction, so as to stand the test of acute and impartial scrutiny. When the life of the incriminated person is at stake, one can readily comprehend the reluctance of twelve Englishmen to rely on the assertions of wretches like MULLANY and VAUGHAN. Had it not been a question of life or death, the informers against some of the acquitted prisoners might perhaps have safely been believed. Logical and legal minds will succeed in showing that juries in capital cases ought not to act more warily than in a simple affair of stealing cabbages; and that the proof which suffices for a conviction in the minor, is enough for conviction in the more serious matter. Some allowances must nevertheless be made for fallible human minds, when engaged in delivering a verdict that they know will be irrevocable. We are not disposed to quarrel with the verdicts of acquittal; on the contrary, they are a certain sign that the conviction

which accompanied them was arrived at after intelligent and scrupulous examination.

As no further investigation is likely to change the aspect of the case against BARRETT, his fate may probably be regarded as certain. He thoroughly deserves it. Had he been a man of deficient intelligence, it might have been urged on his behalf that he was ignorant of the certain effects of exploding a barrel of gunpowder in a London street. As it is, he was clearly a reckless miscreant who took his chance of what might follow. He did not wish to kill or wound any one, for no one, however depraved, plans a wholesale massacre for no earthly purpose. But he deliberately ran the risk, for the sake of freeing BURKE from prison, of slaughtering all and any on whom the wall might fall, or whom the gunpowder might reach. This in the eye of the law is murder, and it is murder in the eye of common sense. It is difficult to conceive of a more thoroughly ruffianly temper than that which sacrifices the safety of numbers with absolute *sang-froid*. It is the *ne plus ultra* of the murderous, for it is murder on the largest scale. With that curious casuistry which culprits show to the last, BARRETT soothes what, by a stretch of polite language, may be styled his conscience with the plea that he is not a "murderer"—that is to say, we presume, that he never designed to rob this or that given individual of life. He did worse, for he coolly scattered death wholesale, without caring where it lighted. If ever crime merited a signal punishment, to strike terror into lawless ruffians, it merits it here. Had it been a woman, a child, an idiot, or even a stupid agricultural boor who had conceived and carried out the mischief, justice might have been asked to stay her hand. But a man who can make a speech so powerful, so intelligent, and in some ways so eloquent as that of BARRETT, cannot ride off on the excuse of imbecility. His eyes were open; he counted the cost, he counted it with superhuman coolness, and he displayed, in doing so, an indifference to human suffering which is found only among men whose malignant fanaticism and cruelty reduce them to a level with wild beasts. The morbid and inexperienced philanthropists who (as usual) are inclined to treat with reverence the wildest assertion of a condemned prisoner or his allies, and who have begun to argue themselves into a belief of the truth of BARRETT's *alibi*, had better soberly consider the meaning of his final claim to the character of an Irish national martyr. If BARRETT's hand did not set fire to the cask, in what sense does he mean that he is dying for his country? If he is innocent of the offence laid to him, he cannot have credit for self-devotion; and the profession that he goes to the scaffold in Ireland's cause is a virtual admission of his complicity in the outrage.

NOVA SCOTIA AND THE DOMINION OF CANADA.

THE immediate effect of every Act of Union is invariably to produce an agitation for repeal. All the malcontents whom a little riper experience would probably convert begin at once to raise a cry that their small separatist prejudices, and what they consider their great separate interests, have been outraged and sacrificed; and, from the nature of things, an important change of the kind we are speaking of is certain to leave a sufficient number of disappointed men to act the easy part of agitators. Long after Scotland was amalgamated with England, there survived an energetic party who clamoured for their old isolation; and in Ireland the Repeal agitation has never ceased from the day when the Royal assent was given to the Act of Union. In O'CONNELL's time nine Irishmen out of ten were Repealers, and even now the body of Fenian sympathizers (we need not speak of the Fenians themselves, who are too few to be reckoned as an appreciable section of the country) are all Repealers, and something more. It would have been surprising if the creation of the Dominion of Canada had not awakened a similar reaction, and it appears that a majority in Nova Scotia has taken up views on the subject that are as strong as they are hasty. It is satisfactory to know that, even if the thousands of Nova Scotia were again cast loose from the millions of Canada, the Confederation created by the Act of last year would not fall to the ground. St. John might be substituted for Halifax as the principal port of the Dominion, and Nova Scotia might remain in her old isolation. But this is a consummation from which the good sense of the Nova Scotians will, we have no doubt, after a little reflection, preserve them. In the meantime it is only fair to give, to what the Nova Scotians put forward as their reasons, the same respectful consideration which a more populous colony would perhaps be able to exact.

Nova Scotia enjoys the blessing of having an agitator of

considerable energy. Mr. HOWE—formerly, we believe, a servant of the Crown, once an enthusiastic advocate of Union, and now the mouthpiece of the Repealers—has on more than one occasion put into print his notions of the wrongs of his country; and, in company with one or two others, he has come to England as a delegation from Nova Scotia, to ask the immediate repeal of the Act of Union. Little more than a year ago Nova Scotia sent to our shores six delegates for the express purpose of settling the terms of the Confederation which had been voted by large majorities of the Legislature of the little province. Mr. HOWE complains now that the authorized delegation expressed only the opinions of the Legislature, which, as a matter of fact, were shared by nearly all the educated classes of the colony, and that the views of the populace were always more or less adverse to the scheme, and have now been expressed by the return of a vast majority of Repeal candidates. How it happened that the mass of the people lagged behind the opinions of the leading statesmen and politicians of the country is not difficult to conjecture. In all matters which seem to concern their own interests, the masses in all countries are always narrowly conservative. In England Free-trade was established by the middle-classes at a time when the people, if polled throughout, would probably have proved themselves stoutly Protectionist; and every considerable change is naturally comprehended, and if salutary accepted, by the upper classes long before the voters under a Constitution so democratic as that of Nova Scotia can be brought to understand it. Provincial jealousy is at least as strong a feeling as national antipathy, and from time immemorial the little community of Nova Scotia has looked upon Canada as made up of French aliens and Yankee sympathizers. That Canada desired union was enough to suggest to the Nova Scotians that some sinister design against their purses was entertained, and it only needed the assurances of an agitator like Mr. HOWE to convince an ill-informed populace that they had been made the victims of a nefarious conspiracy.

Of course reasons are assigned for the repeal doctrines which Mr. HOWE and his friends have come forward to advocate. It is urged that the recent election has proved that the people generally do not now approve of the course taken by their leading statesmen, both in and out of office, and by the great majority of the Parliament of the little province. This is undeniably true, and if it were at all likely that the same views would prevail after giving a fair trial to the Confederation experiment there would be something to be said for the cry of Repeal. At present, of course, it is premature, and we find from the petitions addressed to the British Parliament and from the manifesto issued by Mr. HOWE that the present representatives of the discontented majority have refused to perform any legislative duties, and have adjourned after passing a resolution in favour of repeal. This, no doubt, is an emphatic expression of present opinion, but it is somewhat too hasty to justify the immediate interference of the Imperial Government (which has done nothing but register the declared wishes of the different colonies), unless the other arguments should be sufficiently convincing to establish the grievance of which Mr. HOWE complains.

With one exception, the reasons assigned will scarcely bear discussion. We may pass over the complaints that the capital of the Dominion is considerably more distant from the Nova Scotians than the chief town of their own province, and that a vast majority of new associates will henceforth have a preponderating voice in regulating their affairs. These are the inevitable consequences of converting several small provinces into one large country, and the Nova Scotians will be sure to learn, as all the rest of the world has learned, that a large country has a much better chance of safety and prosperity than a diminutive and isolated community can hope for. It is true, as the Nova Scotians remind us, that Great Britain has hitherto taken care of their safety; but this is an unremunerative duty, which we at home can scarcely be expected to perform for ever, unless the colonies will so organize themselves as to be able to add an important contribution towards their own defence. This is surely a modest request for England to make in return for that protection without which the independence the loss of which the Nova Scotians affect to regret would have been purely impossible. A further suggestion that the Lieutenant-Governor of the Province, being appointed by the Governor of the Dominion, will be the mere tool of the Canadian Administration, proves little more than the strength of provincial jealousy.

But we have said that there is one reason plausible enough to demand careful consideration. The Repealers say

that their own policy has been one of Free-trade, for which the Ottawa Parliament has substituted a policy of Protection, and that the new system has already had the effect of adding to their burdens and crippling their commerce. If there is any truth in this charge, the Nova Scotians may be sure that all the influence of the Mother-country will be used to set them right; but on examination it is not quite clear that the accusation can be sustained. There are facts enough to show that duties have been raised, though not to any serious extent; and it is certain that the commerce of Nova Scotia has of late been a good deal deranged; but the increase of duty on the seaboard from ten per cent. to fifteen is no more than is required for revenue purposes, quite apart from protection, and the disturbance of trade is due to causes quite distinct from Confederation, which in truth affords the only discoverable means of restoring and increasing the commercial well-being of Nova Scotia. It so happened that the Confederation movement in British North America was coincident in time with the cessation of the Reciprocity Treaty with the United States, and all the temporary inconvenience occasioned by the new barriers set up on the frontier has been ascribed by the discontented Nova Scotians to the malign influence of Confederation. Hence the vote which for the time being has thrown Mr. HOWE to the surface. During the existence of the Reciprocity Treaty the normal course of trade, as it affected the colonies, was rather remarkable. In the central and western portions of the long strip of British territory, grain is produced in excess of the wants of the population, while there is abundance of cold weather, and no coal. At the eastern or Nova Scotian extremity these conditions are reversed. Grain is not grown to an extent sufficient for consumption, while coal is obtained better and cheaper than in any other district of the New World. These are, of course, precisely the conditions which should have created a vigorous and remunerative trade between Canada and the maritime provinces. They failed to do so for two reasons. One was that the St. Lawrence, the great highway between the provinces, was only open five months in the year, and, consequently, that no regular and continuous trade could be maintained without the aid of an intercolonial railway to take the place of the river in the winter months. The other reason was that a Custom-house barrier prevented each of the colonies from supplying the other with its primary wants. Commerce, thus shut out from its natural road, of course formed another, though a very circuitous and precarious one, as it has since proved. Canada sent her breadstuffs across the border to the Americans, who carried them to the coast, kept part, and sent the rest into Nova Scotia. In return for her corn, Canada imported large quantities of coal from the States; while Nova Scotia was reversing the process, and supplying the United States with coal in payment for food, a great part of which had been grown in Canada. The Yankee carriers and merchants got their profit out of these operations, and both colonies suffered for want of mutual free-trade and open communications. A regular commerce, however, had grown up on this singular footing, and all the transactions of Nova Scotia had accommodated themselves to it, when suddenly it pleased the Americans to put an end to the treaty, and to destroy the trade which had flourished under it, by levying heavy duties on, among other things, the coal and fish which formed the chief exports from Nova Scotia. The obvious course for the Nova Scotians when one outlet, and that an artificial one, was blocked, was to look for another, and, if possible, a natural channel, and this was precisely what the Confederation scheme offered. All fiscal obstacles were to be at once removed, and the more troublesome barrier of frozen forests which shut them in during half of the year was to be pierced by the Intercolonial Railway. Accordingly, this was the policy for which the intelligence of the country declared itself; and when the railway, for which the funds are guaranteed by the British Government, shall have been completed, the loss sustained by the determination of the Reciprocity Treaty will be far more than compensated by the internal trade of the Dominion. The mass of the people, however, cannot look forward far enough to see this prospect. The railway is not yet constructed, the habit of making the most of their splendid river during the summer is not yet acquired, commerce has not yet adjusted itself to its new grooves, coal and fish find no satisfactory market; and though grain is already supplied from Canada at a lower price than it could be bought for in the States, the industry of the country suffers from the want of a steady and remunerative export trade. It is undeniable that this evil is the result of the policy of Washington, and that Confederation is its natural antidote. But the people are told that their depression is

caused entirely by the selfishness of their Canadian associates, and, as hard times have come together with the Union, nothing is easier than to get up a cry that the Union is the cause of the mischief which in reality it is certain to remedy.

Time and experience will be sure to bring the truth home to the people, no less than to the statesmen, of Nova Scotia; and meanwhile we may listen with toleration to complaints which, though directed against the wrong object, have a substantial grievance as their foundation. The statistics already available show that the intercolonial trade is even now beginning to develop itself, and it is scarcely possible to assign limits to what it may become when, by river and by rail, the fishing and mining interests of the Maritime Provinces shall have learned how to exchange their products for the produce of Canadian farms. With the return of prosperity, the Repeal agitation will die out; and even if the Nova Scotians do not see this now, they will not think it unfair in England to ask them to suspend their judgment till they have given fair play to the Confederation, and done their best to establish intercolonial trade. If the result should disappoint all reasonable expectations, they can then come a few years hence with a much stronger case for the reconsideration of the Act of Union.

ENGLISH POLICY IN THE EAST.

THE House of Lords had, before the Easter recess, said all that was necessary about Crete, but Mr. MONK last week provided Lord STANLEY with a convenient opportunity of justifying his own well-considered policy. When a peaceable householder is reproached for not putting down a disturbance in the neighbouring premises, it is in general a sufficient answer that the quarrel is no business of his; but when he is reminded that one of the parties to the squabble is his client or his ward, it may sometimes be necessary further to explain that he could do no good by interfering. Mr. MONK metaphorically blushes at the thought that the English ships were absent or stationary, while Russian, French, and American officers were officiously busy in conveying non-combatants from Crete to the mainland of Greece; and he also regrets that Lord STANLEY's signature was not appended to the collective Note, and that the English Government is not prepared to join with Russia in pressing the Porte to surrender the sovereignty of the island. Mr. MONK, indeed, went so far as to ask the Government to produce certain Russian despatches which contain, it may be supposed, plausible arguments for annexation. Lord STANLEY, who has always the good sense to content himself with a technical reason if it is sufficient for his purpose, replied with perfect propriety that the despatches, having been communicated in confidence, belonged to the Russian Government, and not to the English Foreign Office or to the House of Commons. If any further answer had been required, he might have said that the watch-dog cannot reasonably be expected to repeat and circulate the well-known argument of the wolf against the lamb. It happens not to be the policy of England to promote the dismemberment of Turkey for the benefit of Russia. The annexation of Crete to Greece, if it were justifiable in itself, and if it involved no ulterior consequences, would be regarded by England with complacency, both as a settlement of an embarrassing dispute, and because it would involve the aggrandizement of a friendly and promising State; but the next provinces to revolt under foreign instigation might perhaps lie on the north of European Turkey, and the insurgents would ask the protection of a Power more formidable than Greece. The Duke of ARGYLL, who is not so enthusiastic an enemy of Turks and Mahometans as Mr. MONK, objected to the annexation of Crete, because the Greeks had not made their present territory orderly or safe for travellers. The reason is not in itself conclusive, as the Cretans are tolerant of administrative irregularities, but there can be no immediate hurry for completing a transfer of the island from one bad Government to another. The rules of good faith and of prudence cannot be disregarded merely to gratify the sentimental predilections of Mr. MONK and Mr. BAILLIE COCHRANE.

It is well that Mr. LAYARD is never tired of denouncing the hypocrisy of Russia in affecting sympathy for oppressed races and religions. It is perfectly true that the successive charters granted by the Porte to the Christian inhabitants of the Empire have been but imperfectly executed, but the Turks have never assailed the national existence of subject Slaves or Greeks with the systematic cruelty which the Russian Government displays to Poland. Sir FRANCIS GOLDSMID contributed a more novel element to the contro-

versy in his just and seasonable denunciation of the Roumanian persecution of the Jews. The Christian and civilized Government of Bucharest, having practically dissolved the ancient allegiance of the provinces to the SULTAN, has illustrated its new-born independence by forbidding the Jews to live in the rural districts, or to pursue their ordinary occupations in the towns. The object of the Christian inhabitants of the provinces, and of their sympathizing Government, is to drive three or four hundred thousands of their countrymen across the Danube, not because they are disorderly, or even burdensome to the community, but on the ground that their thrift and industry enable them to accumulate a large part of the wealth of the country. The Spaniards, in the fifteenth and sixteenth centuries, expelled the Moors and the nominally converted Moriscos under the partial influence of similar motives, and they have never since recovered the loss of the most industrious part of the population; but FERDINAND and PHILIP II. had the questionable excuse of bigotry to mitigate the charge of purely economical selfishness. The Christians of Moldavia and Wallachia appear not even to affect religious jealousy as a pretext for oppressing their competitors in trade. Some of their ringleaders complain that, in defect of strong measures, the State will become altogether Jewish; nor would impartial philanthropists earnestly deprecate such a revolution. Lord STANLEY confirmed Sir F. GOLDSMID's statements, although he justly observed that the subject was but remotely connected with the merits of the Cretan insurrection. It seems not irrelevant to test by experience the advantages of displacing a Government which, with all its faults, is tolerant or indifferent. No Hospodar appointed by the Porte would have allowed his agents to engage in a persecution of the Jews, who have, in fact, thriven and increased under Turkish sovereignty. Prince CHARLES probably regards with distaste the atrocities of his Ministers and of his subjects; but he has not consolidated the power of his upstart dynasty. There is no reason to suppose that the Roumanians are more barbarous and anarchical than the Christian inhabitants of the provinces which are still attached to Turkey. The misgovernment which prevails in the East depends mainly on a state of civilization which cannot be materially altered by political changes.

The answer to Mr. MONK's criticisms of the Government was apparently satisfactory to the House of Commons. Lord STANLEY is fortunate in the coincidence of his term of office with circumstances which imperatively require a policy of inaction. His own inclinations agree with the opinions of Parliament and of the country, as the restless vigour of Lord PALMERSTON suited the tendencies of the last generation. A general conviction of the necessity of peace promotes confidence in a Minister who carefully abstains from entangling himself in unnecessary disputes. It is due, however, to Lord STANLEY to remark that his conduct displays deliberate firmness, and not merely negative prudence. It required considerable resolution to abstain from participation in a policy which was unanimously adopted, in perfidy or in error, by the Continental Powers. Russia and perhaps Prussia on one side, and England on the other, understood and accepted the legitimate consequences of the lines of policy which they respectively adopted; but during the whole of 1867 France was wavering between the desire of conciliating Russia and the maintenance of her own traditional maxims. Even Austria, in an interval of weakness, seconded the Russian proposals, in the vain hope of purchasing a respite from intrigue; although the success of the Cretan conspiracy would have been immediately followed by insurrections in the Turkish provinces which adjoin the Austrian frontier. Lord STANLEY hinted, with justifiable pride, that some of the Powers which he had refused to join have since recognised the soundness of his judgment by approximating to the policy of England. The Cretan insurrection still continues, but happily with little bloodshed, as the mountaineers remain secure in their fastnesses, while the Turkish garrison holds possession of the low country. A petty civil war in a remote island is a misfortune, and the evil of a standing menace to the Turkish Empire is more serious than the mischief of a local revolt; but the truce between Russia and Turkey has been for the present prolonged, and a month of European war would be more disastrous than a decade of fighting in Crete.

The Protectorate over Turkey, as it was constituted by the Treaty of 1856, belongs equally to the Great Powers; but, as some of the speakers in the late debate truly stated, the influence which ought to be shared by the rest of Europe is exercised almost exclusively by England. No other Government has habitually held that a patron ought to be a friend;

and the Turks, though they are not exempt from the suspicious propensities of half-civilized nations, have learned by long experience that English counsels alone are intended for their own benefit, and not to suit the purposes of the adviser. The policy which would be dictated by generosity has been pursued in accordance with the rules of common sense. Having no designs against Turkey, and wishing primarily to avoid all occasions of war in the East, English Ministers always enforce on the Porte, to the best of their ability, the expediency of reforming the administration, and of removing, as far as possible, all pretexts for disaffection. While the Russians scarcely condescend to conceal their hostility, and while France is chiefly anxious to display her own power for good and evil, the agents of English policy endeavour rather to dissemble their own influence than to use it for purposes of ostentation. It must be confessed that in former times Lord PALMERSTON sometimes gratified himself by lecturing the Turks on the iniquity of buying slaves; but the slave-trade had long been regarded as a proper subject of diplomatic remonstrance. It was reserved for M. DE MOUSTIER to interfere with female education in Turkey, or, according to the Russian version, to introduce into the harems questionable Parisian accomplishments. Lord STANLEY has at least as much influence in Turkey as he is likely to desire; but there is little reason for jealousy on the part of Governments which are not equally trusted by the Porte. Any good effect of sound advice tends to the general benefit of every Power except Russia; and it is not an unmixed disadvantage to the rulers of an overgrown Empire to be restrained, against their wish, from engaging in costly enterprises of conquest. The periodical discussions of Turkish questions in Parliament are useful in proving that no political party is yet prepared to disregard the wholesome precedents which Lord STANLEY has hitherto followed. It may be hoped that Mr. GLADSTONE's sympathies with Greece will not tempt a future Government into an inconsistent and adventurous policy.

THE VERDICT OF POSTERITY.

IT is the fashion to speak of posterity as if it were a court of ultimate appeal which is sure, sooner or later, to correct the unjust sentence of contemporary generations. Misunderstood genius on all occasions invokes it loudly. Literary authors expect that after their death they will be read more fairly. Politicians trust to be judged more approvingly, and kings and statesmen are habitually warned that the favour of future ages cannot be either commanded or bought up. In one obvious respect posterity stands in an advantageous position for correctly estimating the measure of men and things. It is able to discharge from consideration all the petty personal jealousies which, in the case of the living, interfere with and warp our minds. The most envious of men and women have little object in detracting from the merits of those who are removed from all possibility of rivalry, and the school for scandal, as a rule, lets the reputation of the dead alone. Pericles, in his funeral oration, notices this characteristic of critics to be tender to the memories of dead people; and every day we see in actual life a disposition to deal lightly with their failings. A man who spends his lifetime in the thick of fierce personal or party conflict often passes in this manner, by simply dying, from the rank of half-appreciated to that of fully-appreciated characters. Peel, Cobden, Lincoln, are instances fresh in every one's recollection; and the best-abused of our more eminent contemporaries would possibly be astonished to know the amount of kindness and friendliness that will be displayed to them the morning after their decease is announced in the daily papers. Even King Theodore is beginning to be almost highly thought of, now that he has gone. He was an immoral nigger all his life, but death has whitewashed him a little, and it is even thought possible that, though bloody-minded, he may have been up to the average of the unvarnished Abyssinian Christian. Perhaps the reason that inclines us to be more lenient and less critical towards the recently deceased is that we can neither hurt them nor they us, and criticism accordingly becomes useless for purposes of offence or defence against them. In daily life we neither give nor expect quarter, but it is no use scalping the fallen, and one can afford to relax in their favour the severities of war. Post-funeral criticism is generally gentle and mild from another motive. It is thought inhuman to add needlessly to the necessary grief and bereavement of the dead man's relatives and friends. To carry on hostilities against his memory would be almost equivalent to making war on women and on children, for they indeed would, under such circumstances, be the real sufferers. The stormiest life sets, therefore, generally speaking, with fairish weather; and it is perfectly true that all of us would escape without much rough usage if the only posterity that was to judge us were the posterity living the week after our decease.

The appeal to posterity to this extent is, on the part of the injured beings who indulge in it, an appeal to a body of critics who, if severe, or even indifferent, will not at any rate be likely to indulge in unnecessary malignity. Posterity, however, in the

wide sense of the term, is not a tribunal that is in the habit of redressing injustice, or dealing very flatteringly with the memories of people who have failed to please their own generation. When the first few years have passed, and the influence of personal ties has ceased, a man's hold on the kindly feelings of the world that survives him ceases altogether. We may manage to tie up our lands and purses for a little while after our death, but our memory becomes absolutely common property, and is unsparingly employed for any purpose for which it may be wanted. The majority, of course, of the sensitive creatures who are so anxious for the approbation or admiration of after ages never succeed in being remembered, still less in being praised. Silence on the part of those who come after us is the utmost that most men can reasonably expect. A feeble natural instinct would incline us possibly to hope that some mark will remain after we have passed away. The instinct, as an almost universal rule, is destined to be ungratified. It is a wholesome but not altogether agreeable reflection that there are scarcely a dozen among us who will ever seriously occupy the attention of those who live fifty years hence. For the bulk of immaculate fathers of families, amiable noblemen or gentlemen though they may be, there is no such thing as posterity. The average peer, member of Parliament, merchant, parson, or lawyer dies when he dies. His children for awhile will devote occasional minutes in the intervals of business or pleasure to recalling his leading characteristics, but his grandchildren will care as much about him as we do in general about our grandfathers. Visitors will see one portrait more upon the wall, or an additional brass in the church chancel, and will occupy themselves during the Sunday sermons with studying the dates at which we respectively became attached husbands, kind neighbours, or lamented shades. This is what posterity means for the majority of mankind who are well enough off to have had their picture taken or their virtues put into an inscription. If any still more distinguished lot is before any of us, it may perhaps be to have our domestic idiosyncrasies routed up by some curious *littérateur*, and canvassed in a spirit of perfect literary impartiality. Some book which one has written may even stand on a library shelf, and obtain the privilege of becoming dusty in the vicinity of Gibbon or Macaulay. Its decent mediocrity may win it a passing reference in a review, or its learning may enable some writer or speaker of the future to verify a reference or correct a date. Anybody who cares much about such a prospect is certainly quite right in endeavouring to live so as to deserve and to secure it. Authors in particular appear to value the privilege, and to go down for a few centuries in print, to have one's name ranked in the catalogue of men who have written, and thereby to become a sort of country cousin or poor companion of the more illustrious literary dead, is an object that seems to affect them closely. It is, on the whole, a good thing for the world that it should. The desire to occupy a niche in the obscure corner of a promiscuous library is a very honest one, and leads those who entertain it to do a good deal of unassuming useful labour. It may not be a very high reward to be known in coming ages as somebody who once travelled in the Holy Land, or who composed poetry in imitation of the inferior poetry of Mr. Tennyson, or who discovered a new species of beetle; but if it induces the traveller to get up his description of scenery in the best style, the poet to mind his rhymes, and the entomologist to master the subject of beetles more thoroughly, the ambition is a healthy one after all. What we are all complaining of is a tendency in the age to write exclusively for circulating libraries. Anxiety to conciliate posterity would, at any rate, be a corrective. If Miss Braddon could be persuaded into the harmless hallucination that her books would survive herself, she would perhaps be quite a different style of writer. Everybody who wishes to see literature flourish is interested in promoting among literary men and women the delightful and innocuous thought that there is, for each and all of them, a posterity which will be really pleased to read and study what they compose.

Probably nothing except that strong form of personal egotism which is so common among authors and authoresses could render a sensible human being blind to the fact that going down to posterity, if the dead could feel, would not appear to them anything but a painful kind of immortality. Posterity is not malignant, it is true. But then, on the other hand, it is terribly candid. The sensitive persons who are so averse to critics, and who pant for what they call kindly criticism—that is to say, to be allowed, like the Abyssinian peasants, to go about with perpetual pats of butter on their heads—will not get butter in the quantities they would like from posterity. If it notices them at all, it will be in the sort of way in which a surgeon delivering a clinical lecture notices his subject. They will be classified according to their precise merits, with merciless want of sympathy, and essayists and reviewers will be for ever poking them in the weak places, and qualifying even the thin measure of fame which is meted out to them. If, for instance, it were permitted to believe in purgatory, what more substantial form of purgatory could be invented for great men than to have to sit still inside their tombs and listen to the dissecting criticisms passed on their memories by the world? Mr. Gladstone and Mr. Disraeli find it, we have seen, almost impossible to have their political movements misrepresented without writing to the *Times*. What on earth would they do in a state of existence where there was no *Times* to write to, and no means of setting right the horrid misrepresentations of which they were the victims? Ixion bound to his wheel would be a happy

creature in comparison to the eminent dead who were compelled to hear their own characters analysed and discussed. In the first place, be it remembered, the classifications of posterity are very artificial. It can only treat a "shade" according to the little it knows about him. If the materials are defective its verdict cannot be perfect. And indeed, though posterity is not animated, as we have confessed above, by personal malice, it has its likes and dislikes. Give a "shade" a bad name and it sticks to him for half a dozen centuries, perhaps for three times as long, till somebody who never agrees with anybody else turns up in a spirit of contradiction, and proves that he was a paragon of virtue. It is only quite recently that even Cromwell has had fair play, and one might mention half a score of historical celebrities who have acquired a reputation for virtue or vice quite irrespectively of any historical truth. Nothing could be more annoying than to find oneself tied to all eternity to an undeserved reputation for monstrosity. It might happen to any of us, if only we attain to great position in the world, for it is not a question of what we are, so much as of how ignorant others may be. We have then every reason to be thankful that the dead are unconscious. Posterity may mean well, but it cannot be trusted. A sensitive ghost might run an awful risk of being forever misappreciated, owing to the mere deficiency of matter for a true account of his career. Such an immortality would be worse than the immortality of Tithonus. It is bad enough to be an unappreciated genius, but to be a ghost *incompris* would indeed be perdition. The greatest argument against spirit-rapping seems to us, indeed, to be the extraordinary indifference of the world of spirits to what is said about them here. If we were spirits, and could hear ourselves discussed as freely, we should make a considerable amount of rapping with the legs of all available drawing-room furniture, before we would endure such aggravation.

Finally, there is this further drawback about the verdict of posterity, that it is attended with every kind of disagreeable inquisition into the most hidden secrets of our lives. Nothing is sacred to the literary gravedigger. Everything is public to posterity, even the way we treat our wives. We perhaps manage to be talked of, but every scandal about us is talked of too, for there is no such thing as delicacy in dealing with the domestic habits of the dead. It is therefore a sort of posthumous luxury to be obscure. Let all who care about posterity consider seriously the fate, let us say, of a man like Dr. Johnson. It is true that posterity admires his genius, quotes his sayings, and forgives his literary defects, but posterity equally recollects about him how fat he was, how dirty, how lazy, how voracious. Who would accept immortality, coupled with the idea of unwashed obesity; or who would like to descend to all time as a fat man of genius, who bolted his food and never tubbed? Byron, Sterne, Coleridge, all of the really sensitive dead, by this time would be wishing they never had put pen and ink to paper. Perhaps this is the form of penance and punishment the dead have to go through. It would ill become us to speculate on such a subject, but at any rate it is safest to aim at being obscure. Never do or say anything that deserves notoriety, and you are at any rate safe from biographers in the future. Let us cultivate mediocrity, and at all events we may hope to have a quiet grave.

LOTOS-EATING.

IT is said, with apparent truth, that the first symptom in a savage of a rise towards civilization is the capability of being bored. Quashee among his pumpkins is the despair of philanthropists, because he never finds it dull. He can do nothing, and think about nothing, with an intensity and perseverance worthy of a better cause. An Esquimaux once filled with blubber becomes nothing but a chemical apparatus for the conversion of blubber into Esquimaux. The degree in which ennui is felt is the measure of the quantity of active power running to waste. If the activity is in excess of the demands made upon it, there may be some hopes of turning it into a useful channel. A missionary should rejoice greatly when he first sees a savage yawn at his sermons, for it proves that he has at any rate got out of the stage of absolute mental inertness. In more highly civilized life the power of reducing the mind to absolute vacuity tends to disappear; the conditions become inverted, and when there is too great a strain upon the faculties, a capacity for taking rest becomes as rare and as valuable as the power of being bored by undue rest. It has been a characteristic of many great men to be able to go to sleep at a moment's notice, in a battle-field or in an interval of business. Nothing is more enviable than the faculty of thus discharging the whole burden which weighs upon the mind at a moment's notice, and of taking it up again with equal speed. Men who do an unusual amount of work are specially distinguished by the ease with which they can throw their mental machinery out of gear, and start their operations afresh without delay. Most of us exhaust our energies and waste our time in the interval of creaking and straining which precedes and terminates our seasons of real labour. We are always painfully taking off our harness or putting it on afresh, instead of enjoying complete rest or working at high pressure. And hence there is a most useful but neglected social art which may be described as the art of lotos-eating. Everyone would be glad at intervals to throw himself down on the beach, watch "the tender curving lines of creamy spray," and forget his business, to say nothing of "fatherland, of child and wife." But

it wants some thought to arrange our lines properly, and to secure a due background of quiet harmonious colouring behind the flash and glare which so often dazzles and distracts us.

Thus it is curious to look back upon some of the amusements of our forefathers at no very great distance of time. Try to realize the difference implied by the novels which amused them and those which attempt to amuse us—between *Clarissa Harlowe*, for example, and *Foul Play*. They could be content to see one situation protracted through two or three volumes, to look at it on every side, slowly and quietly to absorb a series of sentiments discussed and elaborated in the most minute detail, to wade through a long-winded correspondence, in which every actor has abundant space to say what he thinks about the matter, and what his friends think, and what his friends' friends have to remark, and to add an indefinite quantity of appropriate moral reflections. We must have a story divided into a series of short jerky fragments; each one must be brought up with a startling incident; and the conversations, when allowed, must be carried on in short snaps rather than articulate utterance. Not words, but whole remarks, must be monosyllabic. The hero must not say, Madam, permit me to remark, with the highest respect for your truly respectable talents and virtues, that I must humbly venture to differ from your opinion, whilst assenting to the grounds upon which it is founded; but simply No! Or consider what is indicated in the race of gentlemen known to our grandfathers as three-bottle men. They are gone, and their faults and virtues have perished; the very wines by which they coloured their venerable noses have become obsolete. Only in a few old rectories and old-fashioned college common-rooms do men still drink port. A man would as soon think of proposing a toast to Church and Queen with his first glass as of crowning his head with flowers. It is the fashion to bear hard upon those extinct toppers, to complain of their drunkenness and general stupidity, and to say, with pardonable bitterness, that they drank the wine and we suffer from the gout. Yet it is equally excusable to look with some regret upon the virtues which they occasionally possessed. Habitual intoxication, or, if that is too severe a sound, habitual indulgence in a certain vinous hilarity, is no doubt objectionable on high moral grounds; but let us do justice to what was really good in it. For one thing, they knew what it was to talk. A man who takes his bottle of wine or two after dinner has time to grow thoroughly mellow. When he takes his seat he need not struggle with half a dozen competitors for time to put in a remark. He can look forward to a comparatively long period during which he and his friends will be gradually warmed through till they come to melting-point. The whole party may count upon gradually reaching that pitch of convivial temperature at which a kind of spontaneous welding takes place, and they will be formed into a social whole. There will be time to carry on a friendly argument, to tell a story at sufficient length to do it justice, and to find out what each man has within him to contribute to the general stock of hilarity. It is true that there is also time to get drunk and noisy; but for the present we are looking at the use, not the abuse, of the institution. What is a dinner-party now? It is a short meeting broken up into three or four disconnected fragments. There is a period of general misery before dinner, a period in which you are limited to a short conversation—if you have time to open a conversation—with one person, a snatch at a glass of wine and a fragmentary bit of politics or scandal, and then a disorganized crowd for a few minutes more in a drawing-room. If there is a prospect of social harmony, it is destroyed as soon as it opens. It has no more chance of expanding than a flower-bed which is transplanted two or three times in the course of the season. It is possible to have a few pleasant fragments of talk, and to get a few mouthfuls of meat and drink; but it is as unlike the steady devotion to rather coarse enjoyment of our forefathers as a dinner at a French *café* is to a meal off an English round of beef. Each system has its advantages, but the demerit of that now in use is that it gives no chance of lotos-eating. There is no repose—no time for the party to settle into equilibrium, and relieve their minds after the worry and excitement of the day.

Another comparison between the habits of our forefathers and ourselves is sometimes grounded upon their supposed addiction to the vice of gambling, from which it is said that we are comparatively free. If so, it would appear at first sight that they had one sort of excitement no longer open to us; but a little consideration will put this in a plainer light. In the first place, gambling, properly speaking, is the natural resource of a perfectly empty mind. A savage gambles because he wants some excitement without continuous labour, and he will gamble with an ardent unknown amongst civilized races. A Red Indian has been known to gamble until, having lost everything else, he staked and lost his scalp. He made, however, the stipulation that if he recovered from the operation, he was to meet his antagonist for another match; and as he was unlucky the second time, and had already parted with his scalp, he was obliged to stake his life, which he also lost. The prevalence of gambling proper is thus really a test of the degree to which the savage nature survives within the civilized man. In proportion as his mind becomes cultivated he loses his taste for games of pure chance. He can get an excitement of a superior nature. The substitution of gambling on the Turf for the gambling pure and simple of the last century may perhaps be considered as indicative of a slight intellectual improvement. It is rather better to play at a game in which acuteness may tell to a certain extent—even if mixed up with a large amount of more or less

dirty dealing—than at simply tossing for money in any of its various forms. Still the passion for betting on the Turf confirms Mr. Matthew Arnold's theory of the survival amongst us of many barbarian characteristics. So many men of good family indulge in this questionable amusement because it is so often the case that you have only to scratch the man of good family to discover the barbarian beneath the dress coat. The gambling on the Stock Exchange or in financial transactions, on the other hand, is of comparatively modern growth, and, so far as it differs in its nature from gambling on the Turf, implies the greater excitability of the modern man. It is one of the most obvious and most frequently noticed causes which make greater opportunities for lotos-eating so extremely desirable.

What, then, is a man to do who wishes to secure a reasonable opportunity for eating his lotos? In proportion as we have grown more hurried and more excitable, we seem to have lost many of the chances of relaxation which our fathers possessed. Our pleasure gives less repose, and our business is more exhausting. Most people, it is to be hoped, secure a period of unalloyed rest in their holidays; they do the best they can, which is to act like a man who should keep awake for six nights together and then sleep for forty-eight hours on end. They save up their holidays to enjoy a good spell of lotos-eating in the Alps or at the sea-side or on the moors. The only misfortune is that few men contrive really to rest, even in their holidays; they do not reduce themselves, as they should, to the condition of the jelly-fish floating about in the sea-water and doing nothing but slowly assimilate its food. The lotos-eaters of these modern days would infallibly have been scrambling up the "three silent pinnacles of aged snow" so eloquently described by Mr. Tennyson, instead of eating their lotoses. They would have measured the height of the peaks, built a hut at the limits of the snow-line, and erected a cairn on the highest summit; they would have converted the "mild-eyed, melancholy" inhabitants into a race of touts, guides, and hotel-keepers; but they would never have sat down by the sea-shore to enjoy the pleasures of unadulterated laziness. It is melancholy to observe, indeed, how few British cockneys have a proper appreciation even of the shores which they so constantly frequent. They apparently prefer shooting sea-gulls to using it for its true purpose—that is to say, to listening languidly to the music of the waves as they roll slowly backwards and forwards with nothing particular to do. The sleepy poetry of a low shore—such as inspired Crabbe's description of the slow tidal rivers of the East coasts—seems to be lost upon the mass of jaded and weary mankind. The intelligent man will of course manage these things better, and such a person will find many opportunities for exercising the virtue of laziness even during intervals of business. It seems indeed that the British Sabbath has been expressly designed for the purpose of meeting this want, and perhaps a little overshoots the mark in the completeness of the veil which it throws over everything. It tends to provoke a reaction, and makes us fear that the external dullness of the streets is not matched by an equal repose within doors. Some persons are even driven to occupy their minds; the dose is too strong for their digestion. We may hope, however, that sermons at least are generally a period of genuine rest for the congregations, and afford a few minutes during which the most restless of mortals may taste the pleasure of profound intellectual repose. It must be added that, in this case above all, it is necessary that the action of the narcotic should not be too protracted, or in most constitutions it will produce the very uneasiness which it ought to quench.

We must admit that, when everything has been said as to the necessity of more repose for the overtaxed nervous systems of a busy generation, a slight touch of scepticism occurs to us. After all, how many people really overwork their brains? A great many persons derive great honour from the reputation of hard work, just as many people are supposed to be wonderful men of business because they always docket their letters carefully and tie them up with red tape. Yet a man may be muddle-headed and dilatory even if he puts all his papers into careful pigeon-holes, and some men who claim our pity for their herculean labours contrive to interpolate a wonderful quantity of gossip and luncheon and general relaxation. Is it possible that, in spite of the prevalent outcry about the needs of a busy age, our great want is, after all, the want of a little more, instead of a little less, mental activity?

PUSHING WOMEN.

THE achievements of Anglo-Saxon energy present a rich mine of material to the bookmaker. We are justly proud of our Self-made Men—of our Chancellors who have risen from the barber's-shop to the Woolstack, of our low-born inventors who have fought their way to scientific recognition, of our merchant princes who have begun life with a capital of one half-crown. The story of the man who has raised himself to eminence by his own exertions, in the face of overwhelming disadvantages and obstacles, is a thrice-told tale, thanks to Mr. Smiles and other biographers. But our admiration has been almost exclusively drawn to these signal examples of pushing men. The analogous exploits of the fair sex remain comparatively unchronicled. No one has hitherto published a book about Self-made Women. Yet this branch of the subject would be very interesting, and even instructive. Of course the opportunity for the display of energy in pushing is, in the case of woman, much more limited. She cannot push at the Bar or in the Church, or in business. Her sphere for pushing is

practically narrowed down to one department of human life—society. But within the limits of that sphere she exhibits very remarkable proofs of this peculiar form of activity. Moreover, pushing is a feature so peculiarly characteristic of the English, as distinct from the Continental *salon*, that no attempt to place a picture of the Englishwoman in her totality before her foreign critics would be complete without it.

There are three periods in the career of a pushing woman. The first is that in which she emerges from obscurity, or, worse perhaps, from the notoriety of commercial antecedents, and carries, by a vigorous push, the outworks of fashionable society. The wife of a successful speculator in cotton or guano, who is also the mistress of a comfortable mansion in Bloomsbury, gradually becomes restless and dissatisfied with her surroundings. It would be curious to trace the growth of this discontent. Ambition is deeply rooted in the female bosom. Even housemaids are actuated by an impulse to better themselves, and village schoolmistresses yearn for a larger sphere. Perhaps it is this instinct to rise, so creditable to the sex, which compels a lady with a long purse, and a name well known in the City, to enter the lists as an aspirant to fashion. Perhaps her career is developed by a more gradual process. Climbing social Alps is like climbing material Alps—for a time the intervening heights shut out from view the grander peaks. It is not till one has topped Peckham or Hackney that a more extended horizon bursts on the eye, and one catches sight of the glittering summits of Belgravia. Account for it as we may, the phenomenon of a woman in the enjoyment of every comfort and luxury that wealth can give, but ready to barter it all for a few crumbs of contemptuous notice from persons of rank, is by no means uncommon. Probably the fashionable newspaper is a great stimulus to pushing. The rich vulgarian pores over *Court Circulars* and catalogues of aristocratic names till the fascination becomes irresistible, and the desire to see her own name, purged of cotton or guano, figuring in the same sheet grows to a monomania. But how is this to be done? Fortunately for the purpose which she has in view, there exist in these later days amphibious beings, half trader, half fop, with one set of relations with the world of commerce and another set of relations with the world of fashion. The dandy, driven into the City by the stress of his fiscal exigencies, forms a link between the East-end and the West. Among his other functions is that of giving aid and counsel, not exactly gratis, to any fair outsider who wants to "get into" society. For every applicant he has but one bit of advice. She must spend money. For a woman who is neither clever nor beautiful nor high-born, there is but one way to proceed. She must bribe right and left. No rotten borough absorbs more cash than the fashionable world. Its recognition is merely a question of money. All its distinctions have their price. It exacts from the pushing woman a thumping entrance-fee in the shape of a sumptuous concert or ball. Nor is it only the first push which costs. Every subsequent advance is as much a matter of purchase as a step in the army. There is a tariff of its honours, and any Belgravian actuary can calculate to a nicety the price of a stare from a great lady, or a card from a leader of fashion. This is the philosophy expounded by the amphibious dandy to his civic pupil. The upshot is, that she must give an entertainment, or a series of entertainments, on a scale of great splendour. Of course the house in Bloomsbury must be exchanged for another in a fashionable quarter. A more profuse style of living must be adopted. Her equipages must be gorgeous, her flunkies numerous and well powdered. Above all, she must at once and for ever make a clean sweep of all her old friends. Upon these conditions, and in consideration of a *douceur* for himself, he agrees to be her friend, and help her to push. Then follows a delicate negotiation with one of those dowagers who rather pique themselves on their good nature in standing sponsors to pushing nobodies. She, too, makes her conditions. For the sake of the elderly pet to whom she is indebted for her daily supply of scandal, she consents to countenance his *protégée*. But she declines to ask her to her own house. She will dine with her, provided the dinner is exquisite, and two or three of her own cronies are included in the invitation. Last and crowning condescension, she will ask the company for the proposed concert or ball, provided the thing is done regardless of expense. It would be hard to say which a cynic would think most charming—the readiness to accept, or the inclination to impose, such conditions. At last the great occasion arrives. Planted at the top of her staircase, under the wing of her fashionable allies, the nominal giver of the entertainment is duly stared at and glared at by a supercilious crowd, who examine her with the same sort of languid interest which they devote to a new animal at the Zoological. The greater number are "going on" to another party. But the next morning brings balm for every mortification. Her ball is blazoned in the fashionable journals, and the well-bred reporter, while elaborately complimentary to the exotics, is discreetly silent as to the supercilious stares. She does not exactly awake to find herself famous, but at least she is no longer outside the Pale. At a considerable outlay, she has got into what a connoisseur in shades of fashion would call tenth-rate society. This is not much; still, it is a beginning, and a beginning is everything to a pushing woman.

In the pushing woman of the transition period we behold a lady who has got a certain footing in society, but who is straining every nerve, in season and out of season, by hook and by crook, to improve her position. Society within the Pale is divided into

a great many "zones" or "sets." It is like a target, with outer, middle, inner, and innermost circles. The exterior circle, corresponding to "the black" in archery, consists of persons, for the most part, with limited means and moderate ambition. People who try to combine fashion with economy stick here, and advance no further. Carpet-dances and champagneless suppers are typical of this circle. Here mothers and daughters prey upon the inexperienced youth of the Universities and green young officers, who are deluded for one season by their pretensions to fashion, but who cut them the next. Here, too, may be found persons whose social progress has been retarded by foolish scruples about cutting their old friends. Between this band of prowlers upon the outskirts of fashion and "the best set"—the golden ring in the centre of the shield—are many intermediate circles, each representing a different stage of distinction and exclusiveness. It is the multiplicity of these invisible lines of demarcation which makes pushing so laborious. The world of fashion is not one homogeneous camp, but it is parcelled out into a number of cliques and coteries. Into one after another of these a pushing woman effects her entrance. She is always edging her way into a new and better set. At every step there are obstacles to be encountered, rivals to be jostled, fierce snubs to be endured. There is something almost sublime in the spectacle of this untiring activity of shoulder and elbow. But mere shoving—*vis consili expers*—would never bring her near to her goal. An adept in the art of pushing does not rely on sheer impudence alone. She has recourse to artificial aids and appliances. A great deal of ingenuity is exhibited in the selection of her self-propelling machinery. It is a good plan to acquire a name for some one social speciality. Private theatricals, for instance, or similar entertainments, may be turned to excellent account. Exhibitions of this kind pique curiosity, and people who come to stare remain to supper, and possibly return to drop a card on the following afternoon. But, if you go in for this sort of thing, you must resign yourself to certain inconveniences. Your pretty drawing-room will be like Park Lane in a state of chronic obstruction. The carpenter's work will interfere somewhat with your comfort, and it is tiresome to be perpetually unhinging your doors and pulling your windows out of their frames. The jealousies and bickerings among the performers are another source of vexation. Miss A. declines to sit as Rowena to Miss B.'s Rebecca; and the drawing-room Roscius invariably objects to the part for which he is cast. Altogether, unless you have a positive taste for carpentry and green-room squabbles, it is better to steer clear of private theatricals. Then there is the musical dodge. In skilful hands there is no better leverage for pushing operations than drawing-room music. Every one knows Lady Tweedledum and her amateur concerts. The fuss she makes about them is prodigious. They are a cheap sort of entertainment, but they cost the thrifty patroness of a card a vast deal of trouble. She is always organizing practices, arranging rehearsals, drawing up programmes, or scouring London for musical recruits. She has been known to invade dingy Government offices for a tenor, and to run a soprano to earth in distant Bloomsbury. After all, her "music" is only so-so. You may hear better any night at Evans's or the Oxford. One has heard "Dall'uo stellato soglio" before, and Niedermeyer insipidities are a little *fade*. Sometimes, to complete the imposture, the names of Mendelssohn and Mozart are invoked, and, under cover of doing honour to an immortal composer, a chorus of young people assemble for periodical flirtation. On the whole, it is wise not to attempt too much. Miss Quaver, with her staccato notes and semi-professional *minuendries*, is not exactly a queen of song. Nor does it give one any exquisite delight to hear Sir Raucious Trombone give tongue in a French romance. The talented band of the Piccadilly Troubadours, floundering through the overture to *Zampa*, hardly satisfies a refined musical ear. But, however indifferent in a musical point of view, from the point of view of the fair projector the thing is a success. It serves as a trap to catch duchesses, a device for putting salt on the tails of the popinjays of fashion. One fine day Lady Tweedledum's pretended zeal for music receives its crowning reward. The noise of it reaches august ears. An act of gracious condescension follows. Her Ladyship has the supreme delight of leading a scion of Royalty to a chair of state in her drawing-room, to hear Sir Raucious bleat and Miss Quaver trill.

There are subtler means of pushing than amateur concerts and private theatricals. There is the push vertical, as in the case of the commercial lady; and there is also the push lateral. A good example of the latter style of operation is afforded by the dowager who is fortunate enough to have an eldest son to use as a pushing machine. Handled with tact, a young heir, not yet cut adrift from the maternal apron-string, may be turned to excellent account. There is, or was, a sentimental ballad entitled, "I'll kiss him for his mother." One might reverse the sentiment in the case of *Madame Mere*. Of her the dowagers with daughters to marry sing in chorus, "I'll visit her for her son." Civility to the mother is access to the son. A sharp tactician sees her advantage, and works the precious relationship for her own private ends. It is a mine of invitations of an eligible kind. By aid of it she springs over barriers which it would otherwise take her years to surmount, and is lifted into circles which by their unassisted efforts she and her daughters would never reach. Scheming dowagers are glad to have her at their balls when there is a chance of young Hopeful following in her train, and her five o'clock tea is delightful when there is a young millionaire to sip it with. Deprived of her decoy duck, she would soon lose ground, and be left to push

her way in society with uncomfortably reduced momentum. Another capital instrument for pushing is a country-house. The mistress of a fine old hall and a cypher of a husband is apt to take a peculiar view of the duties of property. One might expect her to be content with so dignified and enviable a lot, and to pass tranquil days in coddling the cottagers, patronizing the rector's wife, and impressing her crotchets on the national school. But no—she is bitten with the tarantula of social success. She wants to "get on" in society. She must push as vigorously as any trampy adventuress in May Fair. A good old name is dragged into the dirt inseparable from pushing. The family portraits look disdainfully from their frames, and the ancestral oaks hang their heads in shame. The company reflects the peculiar ambition of the hostess. The neighbouring squires are conspicuous by their absence. The local small fry are of course ignored, though to the great lady of the county, who cuts her in town, she is cringingly obsequious. The visitors consist mainly of relays of youths, fast, foolish, and fashionable, with now and then a stray politician or journalist thrown in to give the party a *souçon* of intellect. The principle of invitation is very simple. No one is asked who will not be of use in town. Any brainless little fop, any effete dandy, is sure of a welcome, provided he is known to certain circles and can help her to scramble into a little more vogue. One more instance of lateral pushing. A connexion with literature may be very effectively worked. The wives of poets, novelists, and historians have great facilities for pushing if they care to use them. Even the sleek parasite who fattens on a literature which he has done nothing to adorn, and conceals his emptiness under the airs of Sir Oracle, has been known to hoist his female belongings into the high levels of society.

The last period in the career of a pushing woman is the triumphant. This is when she has achieved fashion, and has virtually done pushing. There is nothing left to push for. The Belgravian citadel has fairly capitulated. Like Alexander weeping that there are no more worlds to conquer, she may indulge a transient regret that there are no more *salons* left to penetrate. But rest is welcome after so harassing a struggle. And with rest comes a sensible improvement in her character and manners. The last stage of a pushing woman is emphatically better than the first. It is curious to notice what a change for the better is produced in her by the partial recovery of her self-respect. One might almost call her a pleasant person. She can at last afford to be civil, occasionally even good-natured. And this is only natural. In the thick of a struggle which taxes her energies to the uttermost, there is no time for courtesies and amenities. The better instincts of her nature necessarily remain in abeyance. But they reassert themselves, unless she be irretrievably spoilt, when the struggle is over. At last she can afford to speak her true thoughts, consult her own tastes, and receive her own friends, not another's, like a lady to the manner born. And if this emancipation from a self-imposed thralldom is not too long deferred, if it finds her at sixty with a relish for gaiety still unslaked, she may yet be able to enjoy society herself and to render it enjoyable to others. How many women there are of whom one says, How pleasant they will be when they have done pushing, or have pushed enough to allow themselves and others a little rest! One longs for the time to arrive when they shall have kicked down the ladders by which they have mounted, and effaced the trace of the rebuffs which they have encountered. One longs to see them cleansed from the stains with which their toilsome struggle has bespattered them, enjoying the ease and tranquillity of the After-push. If "getting on in society" must continue to be an object of female ambition, would it not be wise to abate the nuisance by rendering the process somewhat more easy? Might not some central authority be established to grant diplomas to pushing women, which would admit them *per saltum* to those select circles which they go through so much dirt to reach?

MR. AYRTON ON CATHEDRAL REFORM.

THE words Chapter, Cathedral, Ecclesiastical Commission, and the like, are seldom uttered in either House of Parliament without calling forth some special outpouring of nonsense. There are so few people who thoroughly understand what the institutions spoken of really are that there is no subject on which nonsense is so certain to be talked. And the worst of it is that the nonsense is very often honest nonsense, and that it often contains a certain measure of truth. Men who cannot see what is right can very often see what is wrong; they constantly hit a real blot, though the remedy which they propose would often be worse than the disease. This description takes in a good many would-be reformers, from the original devisers of the Ecclesiastical Duties and Revenues Bill down to Mr. Ayrton the other night. That Act, often called the Cathedral Reform Act, was undoubtedly intended to make matters better. And from a certain point of view it did make matters better. A good deal of property which was misapplied and muddled away has, though not till after a good deal more of misapplication and muddling, been at last put to very good uses. It was quite right that some portion of the wealth of the caputular bodies should be transferred to parochial purposes. But, as regards the cathedral foundations themselves, the Act did no good whatever. Drawn up in utter ignorance of the nature and history of the foundations

with which it was dealing, it would be hard to show that it reformed a single abuse, while it introduced a great many new ones. Yet the honesty of purpose of its promoters is not to be doubted for a moment. Only people do not always understand that reformation is not so easy a process as destruction. Anybody can simply pull down and sweep away. But when it is sought, not to destroy an ancient institution, but to reform it in detail, that cannot be done except by men who have thoroughly studied the matter, and who know the origin and object of every detail which they are called on to reform.

Here now is Mr. Ayrton in a short debate about caputular property which happened a few nights ago. All who wish to preserve and reform our cathedrals must wish that these debates about caputular property did not come so often. A notion gets abroad that the whole question is a question of money. We can fancy that many readers, and possibly some members, have a vague notion that, when the House is called on to approve schemes about money, it is itself voting money. Mr. Ayrton for instance does not say so, and probably knows better, but an ignorant person might easily be led to think so from his speech. Certain schemes about caputular estates come before the House, and Mr. Ayrton works himself into a fine frenzy:—

The time would come when the House would have to consider whether it was just and moral that there should be hundreds of thousands—probably millions—of persons in the country with no more idea of Christianity than the natives of Abyssinia were said to possess, while millions of pounds were spent in assisting a kind of dramatic performance of religion at St. Paul's and other cathedrals.

An unlearned man would naturally think that the millions thus spent were millions of the public money, raised by taxation from the people, and applied to the strange purposes of which Mr. Ayrton complains. No one would think that the revenues spoken of were strictly freehold revenues, revenues of exactly the same nature as any other freehold estate. Parliament, in its undoubted right to do anything, has controlled and altered the disposal of those revenues, and, by virtue of the same right, it may control and alter it again. But any one who did not know the facts would fancy that Mr. Ayrton was complaining of an item in a budget. We do not know where Mr. Ayrton gets his millions. He cannot surely fancy that the caputular property brings in millions a year. If he means that the income, if capitalized, would produce some five or six millions, he cannot talk about the millions being "spent." Mr. Ayrton was evidently excited, and spoke without thinking. And when a man talks without thinking on a subject which he does not understand, the chances are very greatly in favour of his talking nonsense.

Mr. Ayrton's notion of the cathedral service is that it is "a kind of dramatic performance of religion," and that "millions" are "spent" in "assisting" this dramatic performance in Saint Paul's and elsewhere. What a "dramatic performance of religion" or any "performance of religion" may be, we have but very vague notions. The nearest thing we can think of is a miracle play. But it is surely long enough since miracle plays were acted in Saint Paul's or in any other English church. Has Mr. Ayrton ever been at a cathedral service at all? Saint Paul's is such a conspicuous object that one cannot fancy anybody mistaking any other building for it. Otherwise one would really have thought that Mr. Ayrton, setting forth in quest of what he would probably call the "metropolitan cathedral," had stumbled instead on a high ritualistic church at the time of the celebration of the "Reproaches." What there is "dramatic" about the ordinary choral service, it quite passes us to understand. Still more, what is there dramatic about those great popular preachings under the dome of Saint Paul's and elsewhere which show that orthodox, and even High Church, divines can successfully grapple with Mr. Spurgeon on his own ground?

And yet, amidst all Mr. Ayrton's nonsense, there is the expression of a real grievance. The large aggregate amount of the caputular incomes is still largely misapplied. Mr. Ayrton seemingly thinks that it all goes to assist in this supposed "dramatic performance of religion." Our complaint is that so large a portion of it goes to purposes which have very little to do with a dramatic performance of religion, or with religion or any useful object at all. Our complaint is that so large a portion of these revenues, be they millions or be they anything else, goes to the support of men who do nothing, and can do nothing, for the institutions to which they are attached. The Ecclesiastical Duties and Revenues Bill did absolutely nothing to reform any of the existing evils. It did nothing to bring the cathedrals into closer relations to their Bishops. It did nothing to put an end to the scandal of sham residentiaries, of men who hold residentiary stalls along with some other preferment. It did nothing—indeed it did a great deal the other way—to restore the general body of the Chapters of the Old Foundations to the ancient rights which have been gradually usurped by little oligarchic cliques. It did nothing to bind patrons or electors to select men as Deans and Canons who have some fitness for being Deans and Canons. It did not even suggest to them that it mattered who was appointed. The only notion was that there should still be some "prizes" in the Church. The prevalent notion of a "prize" seems to be, to give to a man who already has duties in one place, not exactly duties, but something of revenue and dignity, somewhere else. A parish priest is made a Canon Residentiary, and he forthwith divides himself between his parish and the cathedral. The abuse is a very old one, but it is an abuse none the less. The Residentiary Canon who

holds a parish is an institution which ought at once to come to an end. He is absolutely useless, and his income is absolutely wasted. But we hold, though most likely Mr. Ayrton does not hold, that to gather round each diocesan church five or six or seven men of learning and leisure, specially devoted to the fabric and its services, keeping up the cathedral as a model and centre for the whole diocese, and not cumbered with any duties elsewhere, is not an unworthy purpose, and that it is, in Mr. Ayrton's words, "just and moral" to use some portion of the ancient caputular incomes for that purpose.

On the whole, we believe that this object is most likely to be gained by a slight modification of the existing arrangements of the Old Foundations—that is, by large Chapters, like those of Wells and Lincoln, the Prebendaries being named, as they are, in the first instance by the Bishops, and then choosing out of their own number the Residentiary Committee to undertake the immediate care of the cathedral. In the Old Foundations this would be a very small, but a very important, improvement on the system still existing in some of them, according to which the existing Residentiaries coopt their colleagues out of the general body of Canons. But of course there is very little hope that any such system as this will be extended to those New Foundations where the Prebends—now called Canonries—are in Crown patronage. In these cases we can only implore Lord Chancellors and Prime Ministers to have some little care whom they appoint. Let them remember that they are appointing to a local office which has local duties, and that it is not an office to be simply given away at random. At present it is looked on simply as "a good thing" to be given away. An unprincipled Minister gives it to an electioneering agent or some other political partisan, or to some kinsman of his own or some colleague. A Minister who has more sense of responsibility gives it as a "reward" to a man who has done good service in some other way. But neither thinks of the needs of the place to which he is sending his nominee. And if he is to be there only for three months, perhaps it does not so much matter. But even Deans, who keep something like real residence, are appointed purely at random, and they turn out good or bad by accident. Some are appointed as a reward for services in some quite other line; others are appointed simply because they are men of family. Of both these classes some turn out well and some ill; but no Dean of either class is appointed in the first instance with the least reference to his likelihood of turning out well. Canonries, as being smaller appointments, may be dealt with still more recklessly. Can any man give any good reason why Dr. Wynter, of Saint John's College, Oxford, should be made Canon of Worcester? It is hard to conceive an appointment which needed more care than the stall just vacated in that church. The Chapter of Worcester, as all the world knows, have made themselves a byword. And who are the Chapter of Worcester? Mr. Benson, who has just died, had a certain reputation about the time that most of us were born. Of his colleagues personally no one ever heard beyond the city of Worcester and any parishes which they may hold in plurality. They bear names which happen to be also the names of certain noblemen and statesmen, but all that can be said of them is that they bear those names. Their corporate acts have been to destroy the Guesten Hall and to play tricks with the Cathedral. They are in short known to the world beyond Worcester as the destroyers of the Guesten Hall, and as nothing but the destroyers of the Guesten Hall. One can hardly conceive a case where it was more necessary to exercise a discreet choice, to pick out some one who would act as an element for good in such a body. We think we could find more than one such, even in the county or diocese of Worcester only. But Mr. Disraeli of course thinks of nothing of this sort. He has to gratify and reward an electioneering supporter. Not that we can suppose that a President of Saint John's thinks himself at all exalted by so small a dignity as a Canonry of Worcester. But it is an increase of his income, and it provides him with a pleasant retreat for the Long Vacation. That Dr. Wynter will do any good at Worcester no one can expect. He is an old man, chiefly known for a stormy Vice-Chancellorship at Oxford many years ago. His chief title to fame is that he passed a sentence on Dr. Pusey which impartial men thought unjust, that he talked very big to some of the most eminent men of the day in Oxford and out of it, and told them, what no other Vice-Chancellor had ever found out, that he was "the Resident Governor of the University." Dr. Wynter in short was the Vice-Chancellor who sent "my Bedel" to London with a threatening message to certain Privy Councillors and others. But all this happened a long time ago, and since then Dr. Wynter has not been heard of, except as a zealous man at Oxford elections. We had really no idea that anybody looked on him as a man of any public importance whatever, till the other day Mr. Gladstone thought it worth while to contradict a report that he had in some way kept Dr. Wynter back from honour. There really should be, if not a competitive, at least a pass examination in such cases. Is there any reason to believe that Dr. Wynter, if set down at Worcester, could—especially at Worcester—tell the east end of the minster from the west, or that he has mastered enough of the local history to know the difference between Saint Wulstan and Silvester de Liliis?

When appointments which might be made useful alike to the particular place and to the Church in general are jobbed away in this sort, we do not wonder at Mr. Ayrton or anybody else crying out. Meanwhile we cast our eyes westward from Worcester to

Hereford, and we wait to see who may be the first Disraelite prelate, the first Angel of the Church nominated by the special friend of the angels.

SPIRITUALISM IN CHANCERY.

THERE seemed to be no special reason for the death of the great Pan of the age, but for the last few years nobody has heard anything of Spiritualism, or the rappers. Spiritualism in England fell under a hand which, if not ignoble, could scarcely be said to be distinguished, and it never recovered the discredit which one of its hierophants, Mr. Coleman, encountered in his libel on Mr. Sotherton the actor. There are now no séances at which Bishops and Cabinet Ministers assist on the sly, and it requires something like an effort of the memory to recall, as it is difficult to the mind to believe, that it is not so very long ago that the *Cornhill Magazine*, when edited by Mr. Thackeray, committed itself to accrediting the narrative of Mr. Home's suspension, self-poised, in the air, while the *Times* of a period within the present lustrum recommended its readers to witness the performances of one Foster, who was soon afterwards detected, but to whom the first of our newspapers scarcely hesitated to attribute the power of working what were only not miracles because they revealed the deepest and highest mysteries of the highest life. The fall of Spiritualism was as rapid as its rise, but it exhaled, unlike the ghost whose euthanasia the Spiritualists used to quote, with a curious perfume and a melodious twang. Spirit-rapping and table-turning died out from among us, not because our precious "mother-age" is too wise for it—the mother-age, like the lady in Southey's *Doctor*, is fool enough for anything—but because the great British intelligence exchanged one set of prophets for another, and gave itself over to its Beales and its Potter, instead of its Davenport and Fosters. Among the more respectable of the sages was a gentleman named Home; indeed respectable is not the epithet for him. Whenever anything was said about the oddness of the fact that "the sperrits" used to frequent a second floor back in Red Lion Street, Holborn; and when it was objected that the Pythonesses were equally guiltless of grammar and clean linen, that the oracles used to talk such dreadful nonsense, that in the spirit world Bacon had degenerated into the intelligence of Dr. Cumming or a Christian Young Man, and that Shakespeare, when disembodied, indited verses which a Tupper would be ashamed of, we were usually confronted with the honoured name of Home. He and Judge Edmonds—an American jurist, who, we believe, is not apocryphal—were trump-cards of the Spiritualists. Mr. Home had written a book, and his enemy had not ventured to quote it against him—"Incidents in My Life," by D. D. Home, 1863." This autobiography contained the history of a remarkable young man who had, according not only to his own account, but to that of other people, risen superior to the discouraging accidents of birth, partly by his talents and sincerity, and more particularly by his engaging manners, and who by a good marriage with the daughter of a wealthy Russian nobleman had attained fortune, and at the same time the confidence and respect of all sorts of fine folks, ascending in the social hierarchy so far as to be the guest of Emperors and Kings. All this was not only much to Mr. Home's credit, but it really did acquire confidence for him. As Mrs. Howitt, writing in defence of Spiritualism, had occasion to remark, "Mr. Home is surrounded with all the outward accessories of station and wealth, together with a host of friends"; and this circumstance was certainly in his favour. He might be, like Valentine Guérolus, a medium of two centuries ago, or like Swedenborg, mistaken in his own estimate of his gifts, a fanatic or an enthusiast; but he was not an impostor. He did not show off his gifts for lucre or gain. What he did and said proved a man in earnest, and there were no grounds for demurring to his friends' testimony in his favour. This was what the world knew about Mr. Home. He had written a book not devoid of interest, and with little or no bluster in it. It was full of all sorts of wonderful tales of the usual sort, or rather of unusual instances of the usual phenomena; but nothing more. There was nothing known or said about Mr. Home discreditable to him. Circumstances, when Spiritualism was the fashion, led us to look generally at the *Spiritual Magazine*, and almost the last numbers which we saw of it were those for the autumn of 1866. The November number contained the announcement of the establishment of the Spiritual Athenæum at 22 Sloane Street. The object of the institution, "of which Mr. D. D. Home is appointed Resident Secretary," was announced to be to form "a rallying point for spiritualists and their friends for the interchange of information and for consultation, and where 'sittings,' under judicious arrangements, shall be regularly held with Mr. Home and other mediums." The promoters believed "that Mr. Home's mediumship, free of all conflicting influences, may thus be made wider and more practical in its beneficial effects." A further object or "duty" of the executive committee was "to make such arrangements as shall secure facilities for healthy, useful, and instructive communion to those who seek, as well as those who are willing to give, information 'concerning spiritual gifts,' while promoting social intercourse aiming at loftier and holier objects, checking the spread of materialism, &c." The subscription required was 5*l.* 5*s.* annually, and the Council consisted of "Mr. Brocklebank, Lombard Street; Dr. Elliotson; Captain Drayson, R.A., Woolwich; Count de Gendré; Mr. Gibson; Mr. Gledstanes; Dr. Gully, of Malvern; Mr. Carter Hall; Mr. Humphreys; Mr. Jencken; Mr. Perdicaris; Mr. Rudall;

Mr. Spratt; Mr. Sterling; and the Rev. J. G. Wood, of Belvedere, Kent."

Mr. Home's position in 1866, as Resident Secretary and hired medium of the Athenæum, seems hardly consistent with the wealth and station which he appears to have had in 1863. But this can be accounted for. Upon his Russian wife's death it turned out either that her fortune was not settled on the husband, or the settlement was disputed. Be this, however, as it may, the mere fact that Mr. Home was obliged to accept a secretary's salary was no discredit to him. We may think the Spiritual Athenæum a very queer institution; but neither it nor its Resident Secretary—given Spiritualism—was to be wondered at or suspected. The Athenæum was launched late in 1866, and among the earliest members was a widow lady named Lyon, who at that time was in her 73rd or 74th year and the seventh of her widowhood, and who was in the possession of upwards of 100,000*l.* at her absolute disposal. From what has come out on the trial of Lyon v. Home, it seems that Mrs. Lyon first heard, if not of Spiritualism, at least of the Athenæum, through Mrs. Sims, a photographer in Tyburnia. On the 2nd or 3rd of October, 1866, Mrs. Lyon went to Sloane Street, and instantly realized

that saw of might,
He never loved who loved not at first sight.

Spiritualism and Mr. Home were the exact truths and blessings which she had long been looking for. Her husband's death in 1859 had affected Mrs. Lyon in a remarkable way. It seems that some such promise or understanding had taken place, between Mr. and Mrs. Lyon, as that which is familiar in the famous story of the Beresford Ghost—which, by the way, is the exact double of the older tale of Capt. Sydenham and Major Dyke recorded by Glanvil. Mrs. Lyon believed that her dead husband would always be present with her, and perhaps would communicate with her; and she entertained a conviction that she should only survive him seven years. It was in 1866 that this mystic and fatal period of seven years was about expiring, and this conviction of her approaching death, or reunion with her husband, Mrs. Lyon mentioned to Mrs. Sims, the photographer who first sent Mrs. Lyon to the Athenæum, suggesting a remarkable interpretation of her presentiment—namely, that she might be reconciled to her husband by means of "the head-Spiritualist, Mr. Home." We are not aware whether Mrs. Sims communicated Mrs. Lyon's private history to the Resident Secretary of the Athenæum, but at the very first interview with that gentleman the spirit of Mr. Lyon deceased, through Mr. Home, immediately announced to his "beloved Jane—I am Charles, your own beloved husband. . . . I am with you always. I love, love, love you as I always did." This was on the 3rd of October, and Mrs. Lyon was so pleased with the message, or rather presence, of her husband, that she presented Mr. Home, the medium, with 30*l.* Three days afterwards the beloved Charles announced to the beloved Jane that what he had darkly intimated as to occur at the end of the mystic seven years was the adoption of Daniel Home as their son. This delightful intimation was rewarded with 50*l.* On the very next day another message from the husband announced that her adopted son was to be endowed with 700*l.* a year. Here appears Mr. Carter Hall, introduced by Mr. Home, who—so says Mrs. Lyon—calculated (not without raising a question as to the magnitude of the sum) the principal necessary to secure this modest and simple patrimony; and on the 10th of October Mrs. Lyon actually transferred stock to Mr. Home representing 24,000*l.* sterling. Early in November the revelations from the spiritual world were renewed. Mr. Home fell into a trance, and the deceased Lyon announced that his widow must execute a will leaving all her property absolutely to Mr. Home. This will was drawn up by Mr. W. M. Wilkinson, a friend of Mr. Home, a spiritualist believer and author, and who, in Mr. Home's autobiography, testifies to his merits and to the truth of his powers. On the 10th of December a further transfer of 6,000*l.* was made to Mr. Home, in order to complete the sum of 30,000*l.*, and a previous revelation had ordered the destruction of all previous wills. Towards the end of January Mr. Wilkinson prepared, and Mrs. Lyon executed, an assignment of a mortgage for 30,000*l.* to the adopted son, who had now, in obedience to the spirit voice, taken the name and arms of Lyon. After this, Mr. Home, now Mr. Home Lyon, appears to have been favoured with no more revelations. Like the boa constrictor, it seems that a medium's powers of revelation and deglutition are intermittent. After being thoroughly gorged, serpent and Spiritualist become dull and heavy. Mr. Home went out of town. Absence did its usual cold work. Mrs. Lyon began to think that she had somehow got hold of the wrong spirit. So she consulted a witch in Endor—we mean Mrs. Berry, whose daughter was a medium. Again the spirit of the deceased Lyon appeared and denounced Home as an impostor, and asserted that the spirit who had suggested the gifts of 60,000*l.* was only his, Mr. Home's, familiar spirit. The result was that Mrs. Lyon sent for Home, informed him that he was a swindler, and demanded the return of her gifts. To this Mr. Home demurred, and proposed a compromise, to the effect that he was to give up the 30,000*l.* mortgage, but retain the 30,000*l.* money. Whereupon Mrs. Lyon, under other advice—not Mr. Wilkinson's—files a bill in Chancery, praying for a declaration that the several transfers of stock and the assignment of the mortgage were fraudulent, not binding upon Mrs. Lyon, and must be set aside.

This is the substance of the famous case, Lyon v. Home, which is now before Vice-Chancellor Giffard. About the material facts there is no dispute. Mr. Home admits them all. He claims

to have had his mysterious power since he was six months old. He says that in his case the laws of gravity have been suspended; that he has floated on the ambient ether; that he has repeatedly, and with few suspensions of his power, exercised it; that through him, apart from his own will, and by what means he knows not, the spirits and souls of the departed do communicate with this present world. He does not deny that through his instrumentality or mediumship the spirit of the deceased Lyon did commend his adoption to Mrs. Lyon, and did suggest the will and the gift of 60,000*l.* He admits that on a previous occasion he got, through the assistance of the spirits, an annuity of 150*l.* from a believer in Spiritualism. But he says that Mrs. Lyon's generosity was perfectly spontaneous, and was mainly instigated by personal affection, in which an erotic element was to be traced; that he personally used no undue or any other influence, but that it was all the spirits' work, and that he was throughout irresponsible. Here we may remark that it is very difficult to see what the difference is between Mrs. Lyon's account of the matter and Mr. Home's.

The question for the Vice-Chancellor to decide is whether gifts made at the alleged dictation of the spirit of the deceased Lyon are to be sustained with reference to public policy. That is a matter with which we are all concerned, whether we believe Mrs. Lyon or Mr. Home—both or neither. Mr. Home assumes that the spirits have spoken, so does Mrs. Lyon. What they disagree about is this, whether Mrs. Lyon did or did not personally affect Mr. Home. Mrs. Lyon says that all along she disliked and more than half suspected Home; but that she did what she did in full reliance upon the authenticity of the spiritual message, and the dictation of her husband, who, as she believed, was speaking through Home. Now that she is convinced that the intimations were not true and genuine, she wants her money back. Mr. Home, on the other hand, is obliged to assert the authenticity of the messages; and further, he suggests a personal preference, if not love; and therefore argues that the gift ought to be sustained, because the influence under which it was bestowed was legitimate. It does not appear that, even now, with all her shrewdness and cleverness, Mrs. Lyon has given up all belief in Spiritualism; all that she says is that Home has, as a spiritualist, taken her in. We repeat that, whichever view is entertained by the Court as to the motives of Mrs. Lyon, on either side there still remains the very serious question to the community whether intimations from the spiritual world are to be recognised by the Court of Chancery.

Mr. Home may be a very honest person, and may have only used the supernatural powers which he cannot help exercising. But, taking him at his own word, his honesty leads to very odd results. In other words, the spirit world does business in a way which, if it is to be authorized by an English Court, must entail the necessity of a new code, not only of morality, but of law, for this everyday world. Mr. Home gets out of a rich old fanatical widow, who is of such a temper as to be at feud with her own and her husband's relatives, a fortune of very great value. He introduces his own familiar friends—Mr. Carter Hall, Mr. Rudall, Mr. Perdicaris, Mr. Jencken, and others—to this widow. He brings in not only a circle of his own friends, but his own solicitor, an entire stranger, who belongs to, and writes up, his own sect and principles. The result is that he gets 60,000*l.* down out of his votary, and secures the reversion to the remainder of her fortune. His friends, we are told, were alarmed at the splendid gains netted by Mr. Home, and, as they say, remonstrated, not against the principle, but against the magnitude of the gifts. But be this as it may, Home's contention is simple. He has done nothing wrong, nothing which the law ought to or can interfere with, nothing conflicting with public policy, by receiving under these circumstances 60,000*l.* What he wants the Court to believe is, that no undue influence—and it is utterly immaterial whether it is the influence of Home himself or of Mr. Lyon deceased—has been employed, and that the Court is bound not to interfere. This is not only what Mr. Home urges, but what his friends and advisers, Mr. Carter Hall and Mr. Wilkinson, urge. In the face of this, which is all that we are concerned with, it is irrelevant whether Mrs. Lyon was or was not inspired with the same sort of passion which, with its sweet pangs, attracted octogenarian Mrs. Piozzi to Augustus Conway. Nor is it necessary to say whether the spirit revelations are or are not true. However true they may be, our question is, whether we are to allow them to be other than undue influences. The spirits may be very virtuous, pious, pure, disinterested, and righteous, and might arrange mundane things better than we do; but their sort of purity and righteousness is quite incompatible with our poor unspiritual society, such as it is. And, therefore, we cannot come to an understanding with the spirits. In other words, we reckon that the Vice-Chancellor will have to notify to all and singular spirits and souls of the righteous and unrighteous, to all witches and wizards, ghosts and ghost-seers, goblins and mediums, spirit drawings and airy harps, and to the whole tag-rag and bobtail of devils and devildoms, that deeds of gift, assignments, and wills dictated by the spirits to rich and silly widows, will be summarily set aside as transactions which English law and equity decline to recognise.

BISHOP HAMPDEN.

THERE are few perhaps of the rising generation of Churchmen, of whatever school, to whose minds the announcement of the Bishop of Hereford's death suggested any other speculation than a curiosity as to how Mr. Disraeli would fill up his first episcopal vacancy. We live so fast, and the successive waves of theological controversy have followed each other with so little intermission, that the fiercest disputes of thirty years ago seem almost as much matter of history as the "Six Bloody Articles" of Henry VIII. or the "Quinquarticular" battle of Arminians and Calvinists under Elizabeth. Moreover, Bishop Hampden has kept so quiet for the last twenty years, with the exception of a little outburst of orthodox zeal against Dr. Colenso, and has so long been in a half moribund condition, that what was once said of a greater prelate might have been truly said of him, "He is not dead, but he is buried." Yet it is difficult to let a man who was directly or indirectly mixed up with all the great party conflicts of the Church of England for the first twenty years of the Tractarian movement pass out of remembrance without any word of comment. The *Times* has indeed done its best to rescue his name from oblivion by perpetrating a series of characteristic blunders over nearly all the leading incidents of his life, both public and private, beginning with a misstatement of the date of his birth, and ending with a misstatement of the cause of his death. Though we do not profess, like the *Times*, to be writing an obituary, we shall hope to state accurately such facts as we have occasion to refer to. The principal mistakes about details of his private life have already been corrected by his son.

Dr. Hampden first came prominently into notice the year before the Tractarian movement was begun by Mr. Keble's famous sermon on "National Apostasy." In 1832 he was appointed Bampton Lecturer, and in a series of learned but exceedingly dry discourses on the Scholastic Philosophy he attacked the doctrine of sacramental grace, as a relic of the mediæval belief in magic. In any previous year since 1779, when the first Bampton Lecture was preached, such a discussion would have excited but little interest except among a select few who made theology their special province. But a great change was impending, and the lecturer soon found to his cost that there were chiefs among his hearers taking notes. Pusey and Newman were already rising into influence, and Blanco White—who, as a resident member of Oriel, had been an intimate friend of Dr. (then Mr.) Hampden, and was commonly supposed to have aided not a little in the composition of the lectures—rapidly passed through his Anglican phase, first into professed Unitarianism, and then into Deism. For four years the controversy slumbered, but in 1836 Lord Melbourne appointed the obnoxious preacher to the Regius Professorship of Divinity. Then the storm broke. A pamphlet drawn up by Mr. Newman, and containing crucial passages from the inculpated Bampton, was circulated widely among members of Convocation; and that august body, assuming the powers of theological censorship which it exercised eight years later against Mr. Ward, pronounced against Dr. Hampden *quod ita res theologicas tractaverit ut Academia nullam in eo fiduciam habebat*. This did not of course cancel his appointment to the Chair of Divinity, but so far from candidates for ordination being obliged to attend his course, as the *Times* went out of its way to state, nearly all the Bishops agreed in a refusal to accept his *testamentum*. Dr. Hampden's next quarrel was certainly not much to his credit. "A certain Mr. Macmullen of Corpus College," as the *Times* rather oddly designates him, had been conspicuous among his opponents in Convocation. By the statutes of Corpus, Fellows were obliged to take their B.D. degree within a certain period, on pain of forfeiting their Fellowship. For this degree a theological exercise in Latin had to be written and approved by the Professor of Divinity, but the candidate was always allowed to choose his own subject, and the whole thing was treated as a mere formality. Dr. Hampden, however, on this occasion revived an obsolete claim to choose the subject himself, and directed Mr. Macmullen to write against any change of the elements in the Eucharist. Mr. Macmullen, after vainly protesting against the thesis given him, wrote in defence of the Real Presence, and the Professor stopped his degree. In the ordinary course of things Mr. Macmullen would have lost his Fellowship, as the *Times* apparently supposes he did, for it informs its readers that Dr. Hampden "managed to prevent the obnoxious Tractarian from taking his B.D. degree, and Mr. Macmullen quietly exchanged the Anglican for the Roman Catholic Church." The fact is precisely the reverse. Mr. Macmullen did indeed several years afterwards become a Roman Catholic, but certainly not through any influence of Dr. Hampden's. On the contrary, he appealed against the Professor's claim to impose a doctrinal test, his college suspending the operation of the statutes to allow time for the prosecution of the legal appeal. It was given in his favour, and the original usage of a public theological disputation before the B.D. degree was restored in place of the written exercise. Dr. Hampden had to preside at the discussion, and the degree was duly conferred.

The culminating point in Dr. Hampden's polemical career was reached when, in 1847, Lord John Russell nominated him to the see of Hereford. It was his most conspicuous appearance before the world in the character of an heresiarch, and his last. Many of his old enemies had by this time seceded from the Church of England, and for the last few years there had been a temporary lull in the controversial atmosphere of Oxford. But it has never

been Lord Russell's speciality to pour oil on troubled waters, and the Durham Letter of 1850 was hardly more characteristic in its way than the letter, more curt than courteous, despatched in 1847 to Dean Merewether, when he refused to vote for the Premier's nominee. The fight lasted for several months, and the *Times*, in an unwonted access of orthodoxy, discharged daily leaders at the head of the Bishop-elect and those who were responsible for appointing him. Twelve of the High Church Bishops—not the whole Bench, as last Monday's *Times* implied—signed a protest against the appointment. Advantage was taken of the ceremony of confirmation at Bow Church to take up the formal challenge to objectors to appear; but the objections, or rather the objectors, were summarily overruled, and the ceremony proceeded as before. As a last resource, it was hoped that the Archbishop of Canterbury, who had signed the protest, would refuse to consecrate. But before the time for consecration arrived, Archbishop Howley had passed away, and the Evangelical Dr. Sumner, who was very unlikely to have any such scruples, reigned in his stead. Dr. Hampden had never, indeed, been a particular favourite with the Evangelicals, and he was understood to be heterodox on doctrines which they are supposed to believe. But that party has always preferred, to adopt its modern phraseology, "Rationalism" to "Ritualism"; and just as it would rather now tolerate Dr. Colenso than even seem to sanction the "hierarchical pretensions" of Dr. Gray, so it could not seriously object to the alleged Arianism of Bishop Hampden when compelled to endure the far more "soul-destroying" sacramentalism of Bishop Wilberforce. So Dr. Hampden was duly consecrated. For some time afterwards the party led by the *Guardian*—respecting his episcopal character, but affecting to question his episcopal jurisdiction—persisted in invariably styling him "Bishop Hampden," never "the Bishop of Hereford." Archdeacon Manning delivered an elaborate and highly ingenious charge at Chichester, to show that the Church of England had providentially just escaped being committed to heresy, but his own faith in Anglicanism is said never to have recovered the shock. The question continued to be agitated in ecclesiastical circles till the Gorham controversy cropped up in the following year, and the orthodoxy of the Church of England was submitted to another and more crucial test.

Meanwhile the new Bishop, in accepting the mitre, retired, if we may venture to say so, into private life. Whether it was that his interest in controversy was exhausted, or whether—as is very possible—he was cowed by the turmoil raised about his elevation, we are unable to say. He was never a great man, and what talents he had were speculative rather than practical. But thenceforth he ceased to take any active line in theological matters, and so far as he concerned himself with the affairs of his diocese, he threw the weight of his influence mainly into the High Church scale, probably finding High Churchmen the most energetic and effective among his clergy. He never made himself felt either in Parliament or Convocation, and no party in the Church will derive any appreciable gain or loss from his death. As we said before, the only interest it excites in clerical circles is connected with speculations as to his probable successor. Few pause to reflect that another member of that Oriel Common Room which reckoned Keble, Whately, Froude, Arnold, and Newman among its celebrities has passed away. Fewer still, perhaps, have considered what an eventful chapter in the history of the English Church draws to its close while the dust is being sprinkled over Bishop Hampden's grave. Only two days after his death a large assemblage met at Oxford, under the Primate's auspices, to do honour to one of his contemporaries who has as signally succeeded as Dr. Hampden failed in leaving his mark on the Church of England. In the week that intervened between his death and his funeral was laid the foundation stone of Keble College. In the year after Mr. Hampden preached his Bampton Lectures the suppression of ten Irish bishoprics gave the immediate impetus to the formation of the Tractarian party. In the very week of his burial Parliament is engaged in discussing the abolition of the Irish Church, as an Establishment, altogether, and it is absurd to suppose that the English Church will not sooner or later be affected by so momentous a change. On the other hand, the party whose original union was cemented by its common indignation at the sacrilegious assault on a fraction of the Church Temporalities in Ireland, in 1833, looks almost unmoved, on the scheme introduced by one of its most brilliant disciples, in 1868, for making a clean sweep of the whole of them. Mr. Stanley's Bill was denounced by the High Church leaders of that day as an act of "national apostasy." Their descendants, or a considerable section of them, seem almost to welcome Mr. Gladstone's proposal, and would probably be prepared to welcome its ultimate consequences, as an act of religious emancipation. *Tempora mutantur*, no doubt. The attitude of public opinion and of political parties towards the Church is very different from what it was thirty years ago, and the union of Church and State may not unreasonably appear to some of the modern followers of Dr. Pusey, with Ritual Commissions and doctrinal prosecutions staring them in the face, a very different thing from what it formerly appeared to Mr. Keble and his fellow contributors to the *Lyra Apostolica*. But *nos mutantur in illis* is at least equally true. At any rate there is a High Church party of the day, if not the High Church party, which differs widely, in its principles and its aims, from the party that rallied at their call on the banks of the Isis to the old watchwords of Church and King. Dr. Hampden

was hardly more removed from the orthodox standard of his assailants in the Oxford Convocation of 1836 than the teaching of the earlier *Tracts for the Times* falls short of the Free-church doctrines propounded by Mr. Bennett, and the religious dogmas symbolized at St. Alban's.

CAERNARVON AND THE PRINCE OF WALES.

CAERNARVON has fairly outdone Evesham in its peculiar style of homage to Princes. Evesham, or its Mayor, we can well believe, simply blundered and floundered, when it attempted to make out a special connexion between itself and the Prince of Wales. To what was said at Caernarvon last Saturday we should not be wrong in applying stronger words. It is a distinct offence against common honesty, and therefore against common morality, when people venture ostentatiously to put forward a silly and exploded local tradition in the teeth of the true history, when that true history is perfectly well known, and when public attention has been only a few days before called to the matter. This is what has just been done by Mr. Lorton Parry, High Sheriff of Caernarvonshire, speaking "on behalf of the several counties and towns in North Wales," and even, it seems, on behalf of "the Welsh nation." What this formula may mean we know not. How was Mr. Parry commissioned to speak on behalf of the several counties and towns in North Wales? Six hundred years back the Nobility, Clergy, and People of England were in some difficulties for want of a common seal. Are the several counties and towns in North Wales, or the Welsh nation itself, any better off? And how was the consent of so large and so scattered a population obtained? Has the great institution of the "plébiscite" found its way into Gwynedd and Powys?

It is not easy to understand what honour can attach to any spot from its being the birthplace of Edward the Second, one of the few Kings of England who were deposed by Parliament for their crimes. It is not easy to understand why the memory of such a King should be looked on as a specially pleasant subject to bring before the mind of the Heir-Apparent. But, as Caernarvon rejoices in his birth, and Gloucester in his burial-place, we suppose that there is some charm about Edward the Second which does not make itself intelligible to ordinary readers of history. It is still less easy to understand why the inhabitants of the counties and towns of North Wales should rejoice to speak of the son of the conqueror as "the first Prince of Wales," as if they had wholly forgotten their last Llywelyn, as if there had never been such a prince as Gruffydd, "the head and shield and defender of Britons," the warrior whom it needed all the might of Harold himself to overthrow. Still, be these things as they may, if the inhabitants of the counties and towns of North Wales think good to pick out this strangely chosen King as their patron hero, let them by all means enjoy their choice. Only let them not, even in his honour, pervert the facts of history, not simply by ignoring or forgetting them, but by ostentatiously asserting what is perfectly well known to be false.

In the tall talk of the High Sheriff and the inhabitants of the counties and towns, the Prince of Wales, being in Caernarvon Castle, was welcomed "on this the anniversary of the birth within these walls of the first Prince of Wales." They then go on to talk about "the period in which the first Prince of Wales was presented to a reluctant population from the gates of this majestic and venerable building." Lastly "the Prince and Princess were conducted to the Eagle Tower, the chamber in which, according to tradition, the first Prince of Wales was born, which had been"—the Sheriff and the inhabitants and the *Times*' Correspondent have now all fairly got beyond us—"exquisitely fitted up as a retiring-room." In all these words and deeds there is a flagrant falsification of history. Nothing is more certain than that Edward the Second was not born in the present Caernarvon Castle, least of all in the Eagle Tower which he himself built. And the truth of the matter is perfectly well known, and perfectly well known on the spot. The late Mr. Hartshorne twice, in 1848 and in 1857, lectured to large audiences in the Castle, and explained its history. Mr. Hartshorne's discoveries are not only familiar to all antiquaries, but they are quite familiar at Caernarvon, where all who have not a vested interest in falsehood speak of him much as the showman in the travelling menagerie did of Buffon—"Buffon says so, but Buffon's a liar." And that no one might go astray, Mr. Hartshorne's son, Mr. Albert Hartshorne, wrote a letter to the *Times* about the matter a few days back, which the High Sheriff and inhabitants have had the same means of seeing as the rest of the world. Yet they have the face to come forward before a Prince who knows better, and to make an assertion which they have every means of knowing to be untrue.

Edward the Second was undoubtedly born at Caernarvon on Saint Mark's Day, 1284; but he was not born in the present castle, which did not then exist. The only passage of any ancient writer which could have given ground for such a belief is the expression of Nicholas Trivet:—"Apud castrum de Karnarvan, quod nuper Rex Angliæ fortissimum fecerat, natus est Regi filius, ex nomine patris vocatus Edwardus." But "castrum" may just as well mean the town as the castle, and anyhow N. Trivet is wrong in his fact, as the first beginning of fortifications at Caernarvon at all was made in November 1284, seven months after Edward's birth. There is no guess-work in the matter. Mr. Hartshorne made out the date of everything from the Public Records. The first Castle of Caernarvon was begun in November 1284, and

was finished in 1291. The town walls were built in 1296. Edward the Second was therefore not born either in a castle or in a fortified town. And the castle which began to be built a few months after his death is not the castle which is now standing. The first castle was destroyed in Madoc's revolt in 1295. Edward the First then began again, but the work was not finished at the time of his death. The work was continued by Edward the Second. The Eagle Tower, in which tradition says that he was born, and which was so exquisitely fitted up as a retiring-room, was built by Edward the Second himself, and was finished in 1317. The gateway of the majestic and venerable building, at which he was presented to a reluctant population, was also built by himself, and was finished in 1320, when he had attained the mature age of thirty-six years. All these are facts, resting on documentary evidence, facts perfectly well known to every decently-informed person, and of which it is hardly conceivable that a High Sheriff of Caernarvonshire can have never heard. Yet, in the face of all this, in the face of the warning letter of Mr. Albert Hartshorne, the address from which we have already made extracts was presented to the Prince in Caernarvon Castle. The force of impudence could really go no further.

The only consoling thing is that the queer title of first Prince of Wales given by the High Sheriff and inhabitants to Edward the Second shows that they at least do not think, with the Mayor of Evesham and Mr. C. H. Pearson, that Edward the First was ever Prince of Wales. But, if they fancy that Edward the Second was born Prince of Wales, or that he was made Prince of Wales at once on his birth, they are very wide of the truth. Edward's creation as Prince of Wales dates from the year 1301. There is indeed a legend, how Queen Eleanor was taken to Caernarvon on purpose that her child might be born there—we have no doubt that, poor Alfonso being forgotten, the child passes for the eldest son—how the King had promised the Welsh a Prince who could speak no English, and how he performed his promise by giving them the baby who could not speak English or Welsh either. To say nothing of the chance that the child might speak French at least as naturally as either English or Welsh, all this, we need hardly say, is a mere legend. The birth of Edward at Caernarvon had no special political significance; the authentic history of Wales, the *Annales Cambriae*, does not mention it at all. The pilgrimage of the King and Queen to St. David's was in the eyes of the annalist a matter of greater importance.

Such is the sort of stuff presented to the Prince of Wales "in the name of the Welsh nation," whatever the Welsh nation may be. But it is charming to see the way in which the Prince gets out of his difficulties. He managed as well at Caernarvon as he had done at Evesham. It was no part of his business to snub the High Sheriff or the Welsh nation, or to give them a lecture in history. But it was his business, like every other man's, to avoid committing himself to any false statement about any matter. And this he does most effectually. As at Evesham, he contrived to say something which could not have offended the most frantic Druid, Bard, or Ovate in the company, and which yet kept clear of making him in any degree responsible for their misstatements. The Prince felt "peculiar satisfaction in receiving the address in the birthplace and on the birthday of the first Prince of Wales." From the Prince's point of view, Edward the Second might be fairly called "the first Prince of Wales," though it was odd that Welshmen, above all that "the Welsh nation," should call him so. And the Prince made no false statement in saying that he received it in the birthplace of Edward the Second, for Caernarvon is the birthplace of Edward the Second. The particular spot is not known; and the words used by the Prince might therefore be used anywhere in Caernarvon—in the castle or out of the castle. But the Prince carefully keeps himself from any talk about walls, gates, or towers, in which he might so easily get wrong. In his second speech he is still more cautious. He has the greatest pleasure in visiting the ancient castle of Caernarvon, and it is peculiarly interesting to him to come on that day. Altogether, if the High Sheriff and the inhabitants and the Welsh nation have not learned the art of knowing what to say, it is plain that their Prince has learned the far more difficult art of knowing what not to say.

THE COLONY OF VICTORIA.

ONE of the most striking changes of late years has been the loss of general interest in the fortunes and government of English colonies. Twenty or twenty-five years ago colonial questions not only engaged the attention of speculative writers and the general public, but also determined the conduct of Parliamentary parties and the fate of Ministries. Now, no question, not even an Indian question, is so uninteresting as a colonial one. The government of some three or four millions of Englishmen in remote parts of the globe is less cared for than an outbreak at Bucharest or a squabble at Constantinople. How colonists live, how they make and administer their laws, how they make and raise and spend money—all these subjects, which one would have considered interesting to the subjects of a constitutional State, and the founders of half a hundred colonial settlements, are neither known nor cared for by any Englishmen except those whose friends and relations are colonists. This is, of course, a prodigious blessing to the clerks in the Colonial Office, who must congratulate themselves on the contrast between the blissful repose of present and the tumultuous harass-

ment of past days. But it is hardly consistent with the intelligence of the greatest colonizing country of modern times.

Meanwhile the political existence of these dependencies has not been barren in lessons which we might have read with profit. One of the richest and youngest of them is described by a writer in the last number of the *Westminster Review* in terms which, considering the vehicle of our information, may well give Reformers pause. If there was any one paper or review in which one might have expected to read a favourable account of the most democratic of our Colonial Constitutions, that was the *Westminster*. A periodical in which all the traditions of the ancient schools of political thought are derided as so much old-fogyism might *à priori* be supposed to have a bias in favour of a colony which, in practice, has discarded all the traditions of government hitherto recognised in the Mother-country. The writer in the *Westminster* gives us facts, and withholds his praise. He implies that, bad as is the political condition of Victoria, its badness is due not to the quantity (which is excessive), but to the quality, of its democratic Constitution. What this means, we do not exactly know. But when we have presented this writer's report, we think our readers will agree that, whether the quantity or the quality of the Victorian democracy is most to blame, its social and political prospects are equally discouraging.

The colony of Victoria is an offshoot of New South Wales, from which it was formally separated in 1851. It contains fifty millions of acres, and 700,000 inhabitants. Its produce is fourfold—corn, wine, wool, and gold. Its revenue is over 3,000,000*l.* a year. It has ever been free from convicts, and free therefore from those discords and heartburnings with which convict colonies are cursed even for years after transportation to them has ceased. Its people are well off; its produce is just twice that of England, taking head for head of each population. Labour is highly paid, each labourer being in the happy position of a prize to be fought for by two competing masters. All the articles of subsistence are cheaper than in England; and, if clothing is dearer, this is entirely due to the protective policy of the colonists themselves. The climate, although at certain seasons extremely hot for a short time, is, on the whole, highly favourable to health. We have quoted enough to show that Victoria possesses natural advantages of no mean order. It must be the fault of the people, or of some one else, if they are not as happy and well-governed a community as can be imagined. Its Constitution, ever since its separation from its parent colony, has been liberal. At its foundation it was endowed with two elective Chambers, the Upper being chosen by persons of a higher, the Lower by those of a smaller, property qualification. One would have thought that this was democratic enough for any colony, especially as the Upper House was constantly renewed by the periodical change of a portion of its members. However, this was not so. The colony was a favourite resort of English folk endowed with just that amount of reading and that incapacity of thinking which signalized the commonplace Radical of twenty years ago. These persons had for some years of their lives been in the habit of preaching that the salvation of all peoples depended on universal suffrage and the Ballot. Having professed this doctrine in England, where there were certain reasons for believing that their own condition would be improved by carrying it into practice, they continued to profess it in Australia, where it was clearly not wanted. It was excusable for men who thought that the Ballot would shield them against the dictation of dukes, squires, and parsons, to cry out for its establishment in England. But in Victoria there were neither dukes nor squires, and the parsons rather depended on their parishioners than ruled them. *Not only was there no one in those days able or willing to coerce the open voter, but there was, as there still is, no means of securing inviolate secrecy for a vote. Still, the force of phrases was too strong for the patriotic immigrants from Lambeth and the Tower Hamlets. The Ballot was proposed and carried. As if too, in a colony where no house could be hired for less than 12*l.* or 20*l.* a year, the existing qualification (of 5*l.* rental) for an elector was not low enough, it was superseded by universal suffrage. Every man in the colony got a vote for the Assembly, and went through the farce of professing to conceal it.

The effect of all this gratuitous Radicalism was such as might reasonably have been anticipated. It divided society horizontally, not vertically. The colonial population was broken up, not into two opposite political parties, but into two antagonistic classes. The bulk of the original population came both from New South Wales and from the lower strata of English life. It could boast little education and reflection. Though unable to reason on the political conditions of its daily life, it cheerfully accepted them. It found itself living easily and pleasantly, with less toil than would have been required to procure mere subsistence in England. When it was swamped by a new population, it accepted new ideas, simply because it had neither the power nor the inclination to dispute them. The new-comers belonged, for the most part, to the same class as the bulk of the old settlers, and consequently had little difficulty in indoctrinating them with their own theories. Thus it came to pass that men who were proprietors, and had the prospect of becoming large proprietors without difficulty, adopted the communistic views favoured by the proletarian paupers from England. This degeneration of political ideas was confirmed by the wild and reckless policy of the Home Government. At a time when it was beyond all things desirable to maintain a standard of stability and unity amidst the shifting and mobile elements of an auriferous colony, and to resist the

wayward tendencies of a rude and rough immigration, the English Ministry resolved to confer on Victoria the fatal boon of responsible government. We believe this was done under the administration of Sir John Pakington. Indeed, there is an airy recklessness about it so redolent of that versatile Secretary that it is quite safe to attribute this precious policy to his genius. Society was already divided, as we have said, horizontally. The educated and wealthier classes were on the one side; the less wealthy and almost wholly uneducated were on the other. The only contest, at first, would be on speculative points of territorial occupancy—things not unimportant either practically or theoretically, but, in a colony wherein land was so much in excess of population, not of pressing interest or bitter conflict. But when the Government of the colony was put actually at the disposition of the Lower House, and the Lower House was at the beck and bidding of the mob, the subjects and the character of Parliamentary contests were changed. The Government of the colony became the prize for the contending factions of the Assembly. As only a small proportion of members was qualified by position or ability to aspire to a seat in the Cabinet, the *ignoble vulgus* of popular representatives contented themselves with getting a share of the public money under every available pretext. Jobbery became the alternative to office. Few members were qualified by habits, education, or mental discipline for the duties of official life. Accordingly, one member "went in" for a large grant of money to make new roads in his own district; another went in for a new quay or new docks at the seaport of his borough. One wanted an asylum; another a railroad. Nor were the efforts of the members unrewarded. Every grant of money left some of it sticking to the palms of those who procured it. And soon there came that mutual understanding, so common to low-principled assemblies, that each should help his neighbour in pillaging the public. Each member was "a little of the fool, and not too much of the honest." While, by their want of honesty, they made the public expenditure a gigantic system of out-door relief, by their folly they made the public taxation an instrument of the blindest Old-World Protection. Every kind of article which could be made well and cheaply in England was taxed, in order that it might be made ill and dearly in Victoria. Nor was this all. The same political foresight which had given responsible government to a colony not ten years old transferred to that government, or (what is the same thing) to the Lower House, the Crown lands of the colony. Imagine fifty millions of acres put at the disposal of a dozen men, and a good proportion of these Irishmen, who owed their places to universal suffrage! What jobbery, what plunder, what corruption! The imagination runs positively wild in the infinite labyrinth of venality and pillage which such opportunities imply. But the English imagination is fairly distanced by colonial scandals, if such a term can be applied to jobs which, however flagrant, are too common to provoke local censure. They are so numerous and so gross that nothing but the laxest state of public opinion could tolerate them. How profitable they are may be gathered from the fact that the local Parliament is sometimes too much engrossed in them to care about the rise and fall of Ministries. On one occasion, we are informed, the Assembly actually pricked the names of the incoming Ministry with pins, on the same principle that it would have drawn them out of a hat. Probably they did what was best under the circumstances. When merit does not influence selection, there is no virtue in special choice.

As the members, such must be the Ministers. When one party pits its costermonger against the night-soil man on the other side of the House, eloquence itself is at a loss for terms of panegyric, and choice discreetly makes way for chance. The general character of the House gives peculiar influence to those members whose native audacity has been sharpened, and not over-refined, by education. As the one-eyed man is king among the blind, the one or two lawyers sway the minds and votes of their less educated partisans. A Victoria Attorney-General must indeed possess certain qualities which are as useful to him there as they would be objectionable here. The impudence which prompted him to designate the Judges of the colony as "functionaries in the Attorney-General's department" has nothing to parallel it in this hemisphere. It sounds tame after this to quote the artful dodge of the same adviser of the Crown, who confessed judgment to a suit brought for an illegal loan, and thus pledged the Government to the payment of an illegal debt. The beauty of universal suffrage combined with responsible government is further illustrated by the audacity which compelled a Governor to slight the superior branch of his Legislature, and rewarded his disregard of constitutional principles by an unconstitutional grant of public money. The precedent will no doubt fructify in time, and the Commons of Victoria will probably do stranger things than bully the Judges, slight the Council, and give money to the Governor.

It is useless to blame the Colonial Office for the reckless happy-go-lucky step of flinging at the head of reluctant colonists powers which they neither expected nor desired. No one credits the Colonial Office either with intimate knowledge of the dependencies which it professes to administer, or with the firmness to use any knowledge which it may accidentally acquire. Its knowledge of the colonies is like human knowledge of the moon—partial and one-sided. And, of the one side which does come within its ken, it only sees the more salient points tipped with borrowed light. For thorough and accurate familiarity it substitutes the conceptions of its own inner consciousness; and, instead of

being grateful, is foolish enough to be angry with any one who takes the trouble to enlighten its ignorance. Had the vivacious Pakington and his congenial clerks really known the prevalent tone of feeling among the educated and proprietary classes of Victoria, they would not have cursed the colony by withdrawing from it the salutary check of metropolitan control. But they were ignorant and impatient and precipitate. They dreaded labour which they were too indolent to go through, and they shrank from responsibility with which their talents were unable to cope. So they flung the reins of government into the hands of a motley band of squatters, gold-diggers, loafers, and vagabonds. Even for the evil which they wantonly inflicted they might be entitled to some gratitude did not the general incapacity of English statesmanship preclude the hope that Parliaments or Cabinets could pluck good out of it. They have, unintentionally and unconsciously indeed, given to the world one of the most striking warnings against the folly of indiscriminate concession; but what Minister or what legislator nowadays cares for warnings, or profits by experience? At this moment the severest denunciation of their loose and slovenly Liberalism comes from the most conspicuous champion of democratic theories in the English periodical press.

THE TWO THOUSAND GUINEAS.

THE great race of the year at Newmarket is not only great on its own account, but is also a real and veritable Derby trial. During the last fifteen years only four horses have carried off the double event—namely, West Australian, Macaroni, Gladiateur, and Lord Lyon; but since 1860 the winner of the Two Thousand has not once missed securing a place at Epsom. The Wizard was second for the Derby in 1860, Diophantus was third in 1861, The Marquis was second in 1862, General Peel was second in 1864, and Vauban was third last year, while in 1863, 1865, and 1866 the first at Newmarket was first at Epsom also. And in nine cases out of ten, when the Two Thousand winner is defeated at Epsom, he is defeated by some horse that did not run at Newmarket. It will thus be seen that the result of the first great three-year-old race of the season is in a great majority of instances strikingly confirmed by the result of the second. This is not a little remarkable when the difference of the courses is taken into consideration, the one being perfectly straight and comparatively easy, and the other tortuous and severe in its gradients. Indeed we never remember to have seen a Two Thousand winner whose performance, as a test of Derby merit, was not forthwith picked to pieces. The very fact of his having won on a straight course is urged as an argument against his ability to come safely round the corners at Epsom; and because his fine speed across the flat brought him in first at Newmarket, it is said that he will be all the less fitted to climb the Surrey hills, or to stay over the extra half mile up a trying ascent. Still it must be remembered that there is a certain portion down hill in the Rowley mile, and a finish up hill, though not a very long one; and both the descent and the ascent are sufficient to enable one to form a shrewd guess as to the winner's ability to manage more severe hills. And as for turns, Tattenham corner is the curse of Epsom, and a horse's getting safely round it is a matter of sheer luck, backed up occasionally by good jockeyship, and has nothing on earth to do with his own racing merits.

Out of the hundred and one horses entered for the Two Thousand this year, public attention has been almost entirely monopolized by Sir Joseph Hawley's three—Rosicrucian, Blue Gown, and Green Sleeve. Seldom as it is that an owner possesses three good horses of the same year, the circumstance is more extraordinary still when the three are so equally good that, on their public running, the best judges have great difficulty in separating them. At Doncaster, Blue Gown came in first for the Champagne Stakes, beating Virtue by half a length; and, at Newmarket, Green Sleeve beat Virtue over a course of the same length with greater ease. But it must be remembered that no one knows the exact weight carried by Blue Gown in the Champagne. It is very doubtful, however, whether it was less than 9 st., and in that case, taking the line through Virtue, Blue Gown and Green Sleeve would be as nearly as possible on an equality. Then in the Middle Park Plate Rosicrucian gave Green Sleeve 3 lbs., besides the allowance for sex, and received a head beating from her, and thus it will be seen that, on last year's running, all three were as nearly as possible equal. The only clue that we have this year to a knowledge of their form is afforded by the race between Blue Gown and The Earl at the last Newmarket Meeting. There is little doubt that Blue Gown was wrongly ridden on that occasion, and that he ought to have won. We do not mean to say that Wells rode him badly; but the orders he received, and on which he acted strictly, were mistaken. Otherwise, if Blue Gown was really not quite so good as The Earl, and his stable-companions Green Sleeve and Rosicrucian still continued, as last year, as nearly as possible equal to him, the plain inference would be that, though all these were considerably above the average, there was really no first-class excellence about the lot. And this would be an acknowledgment that all three had deteriorated from their last year's form, which it would be idle to deny was first-class. Next to these the candidates whose chances were held in most account were Pace and Formosa. The latter distinguished herself last year on several occasions, especially in the Chesterfield Stakes at Newmarket July Meeting,

when she beat Léonie, Suffolk, and Athena, receiving, however, 7 lbs. from each. But the course is a very short one, being less than four furlongs. In the Middle Park Plate she carried the same weight as Lady Elizabeth, and the pair were close together the whole way. Pace, after running nowhere in the Champagne Stakes at Doncaster, astonished everybody by beating The Earl two days after, and by accomplishing another victory on the last day of the meeting. No one could dispute the fact that he was a remarkably fine-looking horse, with great power, and an enormous stride; but it was equally true that he was a very slow beginner, somewhat clumsy in his action, and hardly likely to show to advantage on hard ground. For the rest, it appeared that the field would be augmented by half a dozen or more mediocrities, though it would not have been in accordance with the natural run of events for the French stable to have failed to supply a competitor of some pretensions.

When the day actually arrived, these anticipations were in a great measure realized. The field was not large in quantity, nor, with a few exceptions, distinguished in quality. Besides four out of the five we have mentioned—Pace, Rosicrucian, Green Sleeve, and Formosa—there were ten others of inferior rank, though one of the ten was destined to make for himself a name before the afternoon was over. There was Vale Royal, a horse of fair class, and who last year in moderate company held his own. There was Harvester, a much talked of stable companion to Pace; and there were Le Sarrazin, promoted to the rank of French representative, *vice* Rabican, temporarily disabled; St. Ronan, one of the high-priced yearlings of the Middle Park sale of 1866; Banditto, Chelsea, Ironmaster, Sunstroke, King Alfred, and Moslem, better known as Brother to Knight of the Crescent. Altogether there were fourteen starters, and most of them were paraded in the enclosure before the race. Rosicrucian looked a perfect picture of quality and elegance, but it was immediately apparent that he was very far from it, and that the time since his recovery from severe illness had been quite insufficient for the completion of his preparation. Green Sleeve, on the contrary, looked as if she had had too much instead of too little work, and her running clearly showed that she was not herself. Pace was the grandest-looking horse in the race; but as for Le Sarrazin, he could only be admired on the strength of the proverb—"Handsome is that handsome does." But whatever is the case with human beings, it is a fact that with horses ugliness and goodness are rarely found together. Formosa was perfectly fit, and has grown into a splendid mare. She, with Fordham up, and Sir Joseph's pair ridden by Wells and French, were followed from the enclosure to the starting-post by an immense throng of horsemen. The Duke of Newcastle's two also came in for a large share of attention; and it was remarked that, though Harvester was a nice-looking horse enough, as became his breeding, there was nothing striking in his appearance, or suggestive of extraordinary racing powers. The remainder had each his own select following of admirers, but we did not ourselves see St. Ronan, Vale Royal, Banditto, or Moslem. Owing to the dense crowd we could not well see the early part of the race, but as soon as the horses came in sight the cherry and black cap of Wells on Rosicrucian and the green and black belt of Fordham on Formosa were plainly discernible in front. Rosicrucian ran a great horse considering his want of condition. He was well in front to the bottom of the Abingdon hill, and Wells ceased to persevere with him directly he found that he could not win. Moslem came out suddenly at the commencement of the ascent, and went up the hill with such a clear lead of everything that he appeared to be winning easily; but Formosa, running with splendid gameness, caught him up inch by inch, and just reached him in the last stride, obliging the judge to declare the result a dead heat—the first dead heat, as far as we know, that has ever taken place for the Two Thousand. Rosicrucian was decidedly third best in the race, but, not being persevered with, he was passed by St. Ronan, who finished a bad third, and Green Sleeve, who was fourth. Afterwards Moslem walked over for the deciding heat, and the stakes were divided. That the result was a surprise it is impossible to deny, for Moslem has never previously shown anything approaching to first-class form. In the City and Suburban Speculum gave him 12 lbs., and he was beaten off. In the Spencer Plate at Northampton he was third to Ironmaster and Alruna, and his solitary victory in the Craven week over Restitution, though accomplished with sufficient ease, was no great criterion of merit; for Baron Rothschild's horse ran neck and neck with him across the flat, and was only beaten because he had not learned the proper method of getting up a hill, and we have since seen the wretched form displayed by his stable companions, Suffolk and King Alfred. Unless we suppose that Moslem has in a few weeks jumped from the third into the first class, it will be difficult to avoid coming to the conclusion that the crack two year olds of last year have not improved proportionately to the second-class two year olds of last year. According to the year's running, Speculum would have beaten the whole lot that ran on Tuesday; and yet last year Speculum was regarded only as a good game animal of the second class. With regard to Sir Joseph Hawley's pair, however, it is only fair to say that the severe influenza that prevailed in his stable in the early part of the year is quite sufficient to account for any falling off in their form; and though defeated, Rosicrucian was by no means disgraced, as few horses so backward in condition would have figured so conspicuously in a fast run race from end to end. Neither Pace nor Harvester was at any time formidable, and we failed to distinguish the colours of Le Sarrazin in the van. He

must therefore be accounted not only ugly, but indifferent. St. Ronan's third may be variously explained by his own improvement, or by the moderate quality of the field; and no doubt, on this and on other kindred points, a paper war will be fast and furious for the next month. Moslem is not in the Derby, neither is Formosa; so there is no present prospect of their fighting their battle over again.

All great days have their special features and characteristics. On the Derby Day we see London turned loose; and on the Two Thousand day we behold Cambridge run mad. Last Tuesday Cambridge was madder than usual. There were more undergraduates than ever, riding more unmanageable screws with more than customary recklessness, drinking more champagne of more utter worthlessness, and strewing the heath with more broken bottles and wine-glasses. Admiral Rous is believed to prefer a mad dog to a Cambridge undergraduate, and we are not astonished if he does. We never dispute about people's tastes, and therefore we will not ask whether getting drunk adds much to the pleasure of the Two Thousand day, or conduces to the more thorough appreciation of racing. Nor will we inquire why it should be always necessary to smash the glass out of which you have just drunk much more than is good for you. But in the name of innocent pedestrians who are in danger of being remorselessly ridden down, and of horsemen who do not wish valuable animals to be lamed, we protest against the annually increasing violence of these young savages. Folly may be tolerated so long as it only hurts the fool himself, but in this case the misfortune is that the fools do not get hurt. We have not even the consolation of knowing that some of them will break their necks on the way back, for somehow or other they always get home safely. From which we are led to infer that, as is often the case, the converse of the proverb is true, and that Providence helps those who are incapable of helping themselves.

REVIEWS.

BUNSEN'S LIFE.*

BUNSEN was really one of those persons, more common two centuries ago than now, who could belong as much to an adopted country as to that in which they were born and educated. A German of the Germans, he yet succeeded in also making himself at home in England, in appreciating English interests, in assimilating English thought and traditions, and exercising an important influence at a critical time on one extremely important side of English life and opinion. He was less felicitous in allying the German with the Englishman, perhaps from personal peculiarities of impatience, self-assertion, and haste, than one who has since trodden in his steps and realized more completely and more splendidly some of the great designs which floated before his mind. But few foreigners have gained more fairly, by work and by sympathy, the *droit de cité* in England, than Bunsen.

It is a great pity that books must be so long and so bulky, and though Bunsen's life was a very full and active one in all matters of intellectual interest, and in some of practical interest also, we cannot help thinking that his biography would have gained by greater exercise of self-denial on the part of his biographer. It is altogether too prolix, and the distinction is not sufficiently observed between what is interesting simply to the Bunsen family and their friends, and what is interesting to the public. One of the points in which biographers, and the present author among the number, make mistakes, is in their use of letters. They never know when to stop in giving correspondence. If we had only one or two letters of a remarkable man, they would be worth printing, even if they were very much like other people's letters. But when we have bundles and letter-books without end to select from, selection, in a work professedly biographical, becomes advisable. We want types and specimens of a man's letters; and when the specimen has been given, we want no more, unless what is given is for its own sake remarkable. A great number of Bunsen's early letters are printed. Some of them are of much interest, showing how early the germs were formed of ideas and plans which occupied his life, and what were the influences by which he was surrounded, and how he comported himself in regard to them. But many more of these letters are what any young man of thought and of an affectionate nature might have written; and we do not want to have it shown us, over and over again, merely that Bunsen was thoughtful and affectionate. A wise and severe economy in this matter would have produced at least the same effect, at much less cost to the reader.

Bunsen was born in 1791, at Corbach, in the little principality of Waldeck, and grew up under the severe and simple training of a frugal German household, and with a solid and vigorous German education. He became in time Heyne's pupil at Göttingen, and very early showed the qualities which distinguished him in his after life—restless eagerness after knowledge and vast powers of labour, combined with large and ambitious, and sometimes vague, ideas, and with depth and fervour of religious sentiment. He entered on life when the reaction against the cold rationalistic theories of the age before him was stimulated by the excitement of the war of liberation; and in his deep and supreme interest in the Bible he kept to the last the stamp which he then received.

* A Memoir of Baron Bunsen. By his Widow, Baroness Bunsen. 2 vols. Longmans & Co. 1868.

More interesting than the recollections of a distinguished man's youth by his friends after he has become distinguished—seldom quite natural and not always trustworthy—are the contemporary records of the impressions made on him in his youth by those who were distinguished men when he was young. In some of Bunsen's letters we have such impressions. Thus he writes of Heyne in 1813:—

Poor and lonely did I arrive in this place [Göttingen]. Heyne received me, guided me, bore with me, encouraged me, showed me in himself the example of high and noble energy, and indefatigable activity in a calling which was not that to which his merit entitled him. He might have superintended and administered and maintained an entire kingdom without more effort and with far greater efficiency than the university for which he lived; he was too great for a mere philosopher, and in general for a professor of mere learning in the age into which he was cast, and he was more distinguished in every other way than in this. . . . And what has he established or founded at the cost of this exertion of faculties? Learning annihilates itself, and the more perfect is the first submerged; for the next age scales with ease the height which cost the preceding the full vigour of life. Yet two things remain of him and will not perish—the one, the tribute left by his free spirit to the finest productions of the human mind; and what he felt, thought, and has immortalized in many men of excellence gone before. Read his explanations of Tischbein's engravings from Homer, his last preface to Virgil, and especially his oration on the death of Müller, and you will understand what I mean. I speak not of his political instinct, made evident in his survey of the public and private life of the ancients. The other memorial which will subsist of him, more warm than the first, is the remembrance of his generosity, to which numbers owe a deep obligation.

And of Schelling, about the same time, whom he had just seen in Munich:—

Schelling before all must be mentioned as having received me well, after his fashion, giving me frequent occasions of becoming acquainted with his philosophical views and judgments, in his own original and peculiar manner. His mode of disputation is rough and angular; his peremptoriness and his paradoxes terrible. Once he undertook to explain animal magnetism, and for this purpose to give an idea of Time, from which resulted that all is present and in existence—the present as existing in the actual moment. When I demanded the proof, he referred me to the word *is*, which applies to existence, in the sentence that “this *is* future.” Seckendorf, who was present (with him I have become closely acquainted, to my great satisfaction), attempted to draw attention to the confounding the subjective (*i.e.*, him who pronounces that sentence) with the objective; or, rather, to point out a simple grammatical misunderstanding—in short, declared the position impossible. “Well,” replied Schelling drily, “you have not understood me.” Two Professors (his worshippers), who were present, had meanwhile endeavoured by their exclamations, “Only observe, all *is*, all *exists*” (to which the wife of Schelling, a clever woman, assented), to help me into conviction; and a vehement beating the air—for arguing and holding fast by any firm point were out of the question—would have arisen, if I had not contrived to escape by giving a playful turn to the conversation. I am perfectly aware that Schelling could have expressed and carried through his real opinion far better—*i.e.*, rationally. I tell the anecdote merely to give an idea of his manner in conversation.

At Göttingen he was one of a remarkable set, comprising Lachmann, Lücke, Brandis, and some others, thought as much of at the time as their friends, but who failed to make their way to the front ranks of the world. Like others of his countrymen, Bunsen began to find “that the world's destinies were not without their effect on him,” and to feel dissatisfied with the comparatively narrow sphere of even German learning. The thought grew, and took possession of him, of “bringing over, into his knowledge and into his fatherland, the solemn and distant East,” and to “draw the East into the study of the entire course of humanity (particularly of European, and more especially of Teutonic, humanity),” making Germany the “central point of this study.” Vast plans of philological and historical study, involving, as the only means then possible of carrying them out, schemes of wide travel and long sojourn in the East, opened on him. Indian and Persian literature, the instinctive certainty of its connexion with the languages and thought of the West, and the imperfection of means of study in Europe, drew him, as many more were drawn at the time, to seek the knowledge which they wanted in foreign and distant lands. With Bunsen, this wide and combined study of philology, history, and philosophy, which has formed one of the characteristic pursuits of our time, was from the first connected with the study of the Bible as its central point. In 1815 came a decisive turning-point in his life—his acquaintance, and the beginning of his close connexion, with Niebuhr, at Berlin; and from this time he felt himself a Prussian. “That State in Northern Germany,” he writes to Brandis in 1815, “which gladly receives every German, from whencesoever he may come, and considers every one thus entering a citizen born, is the true Germany.”—

That such a State [he proceeds, in the true Bismarkian spirit] should prove inconvenient to others of inferior importance, which persist in continuing their isolated existence, regardless of the will of Providence and of the general good, is of no consequence whatever; nor does it even matter that there are, in its present management, defects and imperfections. . . . We intend to be in Berlin in three weeks; and there (in Prussia) am I resolved to fix my destinies.

After reading Persian for a short time in Paris, with De Sacy, and after the failure of a plan of travel with Mr. Astor of New York, Bunsen joined Niebuhr at Florence in the end of 1816, and went on with him to Rome, where Niebuhr was Prussian envoy. There, enjoying Niebuhr's society, “equally sole in his kind with Rome,” he took up his abode, and plunged into study. He gave up his plans of Oriental travel, finding he could do all that he wanted without them. Too much a student, as he writes to a friend, to think of marrying, which he could not do “without impairing his whole scheme of mental development,” he nevertheless found his fate in an English lady, Miss Waddington, who became his wife. And, finally, when the health of his friend

Brandis, Niebuhr's secretary in the Prussian Legation, broke down, Bunsen took his place, and entered on that combined path of study and diplomacy in which he continued for the greater part of his life.

It may be questioned whether Bunsen's career answered altogether successfully to what he proposed to himself, or was in fact all that his friends and he himself thought it; but it was eminently one in which from the first he had laid down for himself a plan of life which he tenaciously followed through many changes and varieties of work, without ever losing sight of the purpose with which he began. He piqued himself on having early seen that a man ought to have an object to which to devote his whole life—“be it a dictionary like Johnson's, or a Roman history like Gibbon's”—and on having discerned and chosen his own object. And at an early time of his life in Rome he draws an outline of thought and inquiry, destined to break off into many different labours, in very much the same language in which he might have described it in the last year of his life:—

The consciousness of God in the mind of man, and that which in and through that consciousness He has accomplished, especially in language and religion, this was from the earliest time before my mind. After having awhile fancied to attain my point, sometimes here, sometimes there, at length (it was in the Christmas holidays of 1812, after having gained the prize in November) I made a general and comprehensive plan. I wished to go through and represent heathen antiquity, in its principal phases, in three great periods of the world's history, according to its languages, its religious conceptions, and its political institutions; first of all in the East, where the earliest expressions in each are highly remarkable, although little known; then in the second great epoch, among the Greeks and Romans; thirdly, among the Teutonic nations, who put an end to the Roman Empire.

At first I thought of Christianity only as something which every one, like the mother tongue, knows intuitively, and therefore not as the object of a peculiar study. But in January, 1816, when I for the last time took into consideration all that belonged to my plan, I wrote it down: I arrived at this conclusion, that as God had caused the conception of Himself to be developed in the mind of man in a twofold manner, the one through revelation to the Jewish people through their patriarchs, the other through reason in the heathen; so also must the inquiry and representation of this development be twofold; and as God had kept these two ways for a length of time independent and separate, so should we, in the course of the examination, separate knowledge from man, and his development from the doctrine of revelation and faith, firmly trusting that God in the end would bring about the union of both. This is now also my firm conviction, that we must not mix them or bring them together forcibly, as many have done with well-meaning zeal but unclear views, and as many in Germany with impure designs are still doing.

The design had its interruptions, both intellectual and practical. The plan was an ambitious one, too ambitious for Bunsen's time and powers, or even probably for our own more advanced stage of knowledge; and Bunsen ever found it hard to resist the attractions of a new object of interest, and did not always exhaust it, though he seldom touched anything without throwing light on it. Thus he was drawn by circumstances to devote a good deal of time, more than he intended, to the mere antiquarianism of Rome. By and by he found himself succeeding Niebuhr as the diplomatic representative of Prussia at Rome. And his attempt to meet the needs of his own strong devotional feelings by giving more warmth and interest to the German services at the embassy, “the congregation on the Capitoline Hill” led him, step by step, to those wider schemes for liturgical reform which influenced so importantly the course of his fortunes. They brought him, a young and unknown man, with little more than Niebuhr's good word, into direct and confidential communication with the King of Prussia, who was then intent on plans of the same kind, and who recognised in Bunsen, after some preliminary jealousy and misgivings, the man most fitted to assist in carrying them out. But though Bunsen, who started with the resolve of being both a student and a scholar, was driven, as he thought against his will, into paths which led him deeper and deeper into public life and diplomacy, his early plans were never laid aside even under the stress of official employment. Perhaps it may be difficult to strike the balance of what they lost or gained by it.

The account of his life at Rome contains much that is interesting. There is the curious mixture of sympathy and antipathy in Bunsen's mind for the place itself; the antipathy of a German, a Protestant, and a free inquirer, for the Roman, the old Catholic, the narrow, timid, traditional spirit which pervaded everything in the great seat of clerical and Papal government; and the sympathy, scarcely less intense, not merely, or in the first place, for the classical aspects of Rome, but for its religious character, as still the central point of Christendom, full of the memorials and the savour of the early days of Christianity, mingling with what its many centuries of history have added to them; and for all that aroused the interest and touched the mind of one deeply busy with two great religious problems—the best forms for Christian worship, and the restoration, if possible, of some organization and authority in Protestant Germany. For a long time Bunsen, like his master Niebuhr, was on the best terms with Cardinals, Monsignori, and Popes. The Roman services were no objects to him of abhorrence or indifference. He saw, in the midst of accretions, the remains of the more primitive devotion; and the architecture, the art, and the music, to be found only in Rome, were to him inexhaustible sources of delight. As may be supposed, letters like Bunsen's, and the recollections of his biographer, are full of interesting gossip; notices of famous people, and of things that happened in Rome in the days of Emancipation and Reform Bills, Revolutions of Naples in '20 and France in '30, during the twenty years, from 1818 to 1838, in which the men of the great

war and the restorations were going off the scene, and the men of the modern days—Liberals, High Churchmen, Ultramontanes—were coming on. Those twenty years, of course, were not without their changes in Bunsen's own views. The man who had come to Rome, in position, a pure and obscure student, had grown into the oracle of a highly cultivated society, whose acquaintance was eagerly sought by every one of importance who lived at Rome or visited it, and into the diplomatic representative of one of the great Powers. The scholar had come to have, not merely theories, but political and ecclesiastical aims. The disciple of Niebuhr, who at one time had seen all things very much as Niebuhr saw them in his sad later days of disgust at revolution and cynical despair of liberty, had come since under the influence of Arnold, and, as his letters to Arnold show, had taken into his own mind much of the more generous and hopeful, though vague, teaching of that equally fervid teacher of liberalism and of religion. These letters are of much interest. They show the dreams and the fears and antipathies of the time; they contain some remarkable anticipations, some equally remarkable miscalculations, and some ideas and proposals which, with our experience, excite our wonder that any one could have imagined them practicable. Every one knows that Bunsen's diplomatic career at Rome ended unfortunately. He was mixed up with the violent proceedings of the Prussian Government in the dispute with the Archbishop of Cologne about marriages between Protestants and Catholics, and he had the misfortune to offend equally both his own Court and that of Rome. It is possible that, as is urged in the biography before us, he was sacrificed to the blunders and the enmities of powers above him. But, for whatever reason, no clear account is given of the matter by his biographer, though a good deal is suggested; and in the absence of intelligible explanations the conclusion is natural that, though he may have been ill-used, he may also have been unequal to his position.

But his ill-success or his ill-usage at Rome was more than compensated by the results to which it may be said to have led. Out of it ultimately came that which gave the decisive character to Bunsen's life—his settlement in London as Prussian Minister. On leaving Rome he came straight to England. He came full of admiration and enthusiasm to "his Ithaca, his island fatherland," and he was flattered and delighted by the welcome he received, and by the power which he perceived in himself, beyond that of most foreigners, to appreciate and enjoy everything English. He liked everything—people, country, and institutions; even, as his biographer writes, our rooks. The zest of his enjoyment was not diminished by his keen sense of what appear to foreigners our characteristic defects—the want of breadth of interest and boldness of speculative thought which accompanies so much energy in public life and so much practical success; and he seems to have felt in himself a more than ordinary fitness to be a connecting link between the two nations—that he had much to teach Englishmen, and that they were worth teaching. He thoroughly sympathized with the earnestness and strong convictions of English religion; but he thought it lamentably destitute of rational grounds, of largeness of idea and of critical insight, enslaved to the letter, and afraid of inquiry. But, with all drawbacks, his visit to England made it a very attractive place to him; and when he was appointed by his Government Envoy to the Swiss Confederation, with strict injunctions "to do nothing," his eyes were often turned towards England. In 1840 the King of Prussia died, and Bunsen's friend and patron, the Crown Prince, became Frederic William IV. He resembled Bunsen in more ways than one; in his ardent religious sentiment, in his eagerness, in his undoubting and not always far-sighted self-confidence and self-assertion, and in a combination of practical vagueness of view and a want of understanding men, with a feverish imperiousness in carrying out a favourite plan. In 1841 he sent Bunsen to England to negotiate the ill-considered and precipitate arrangement for the Jerusalem bishopric; and on the successful conclusion of the negotiation, Bunsen was appointed permanently to be Prussian Minister in London. The manner of appointment was remarkable. The King sent three names to Lord Aberdeen and the English Court, and they selected Bunsen's.

Thus Bunsen, who twenty-five years before had sat down a penniless student, almost in despair at the failure of his hopes as a travelling tutor, in Orgagna's loggia at Florence, had risen, in spite of real difficulties and opposition, to a brilliant position in active political life; and the remarkable point is that, whether he was ambitious or not of this kind of advancement—and it would perhaps have been as well on his part to have implied less frequently that he was not—he was all along, above everything, the student and the theologian. What is even more remarkable is that, plunged into the whirl of London public life and society, he continued still to be, more even than the diplomatist, the student and theologian. The Prussian Embassy during the years that he occupied it, from 1841 to 1854, was not an idle place, and Bunsen was not a man to leave important State business to other hands. The French Revolution, the German Revolution, the Frankfort Assembly, the question of the revival of the Empire, the beginnings of the Danish quarrel and of the Crimean war, all fell within that time, and gave the Prussian Minister in such a centre as London plenty to think of, to do, and to write about. Yet all this time was a time of intense and unceasing activity in that field of theological controversy in which Bunsen took such delight. The diplomatist entrusted with the gravest affairs of a great Power in the most critical and difficult times, and fully alive to the interest and responsibility of his charge, also worked harder

than most Professors, and was as positive and fiery in his religious theories and antipathies as the keenest and most dogmatic of scholastic disputants. He was busy about Egyptian chronology, about cuneiform writing, about comparative philology; he plunged with characteristic eagerness into English theological war; and such books as his *Church of the Future*, and his writings on Ignatius and Hippolytus, were not the least important of the works which marked the progress of the struggle of opinions here. But they represented only a very small part of the unceasing labour that was going on in the early morning hours in Carlton Terrace. All this time the foundations were being laid and the materials gathered for books of wider scope and more permanent aim, too vast for him to accomplish even in his later years of leisure. It is an original and instructive picture; for though we boast statesmen who still carry on the great traditions of scholarship, and give room in their minds for the deeper and more solemn problems of religion and philosophy, they are not supposed to be able to carry on simultaneously their public business and their classical or scientific studies, and at any rate they do not attack the latter with the devouring zeal with which Bunsen taxed the efforts of hard-driven secretaries and readers to keep pace with his inexhaustible demands for more and more of the most abstruse materials of knowledge.

The end of his London diplomatic career was, like the end of his Roman one, clouded with something like disgrace; and, like the Roman one, is left here unexplained. But it was for his happiness, probably, that his residence in England came to a close. He had found the poetry of his early notions about England, political and theological at least, gradually changing into prose. He found less and less to like, in what at first most attracted him, in the English Church; he and it, besides knowing one another better, were also changing. He probably increased his sympathies for England, and returned in a measure to his old kindness for it, by looking at it only from a distance. The labour of his later days, as vast and indefatigable as that of his earlier days, was devoted to his great work, which was, as it were, to popularize the Bible and revive interest in it by a change in the method of presenting it and commenting on it. To the last the Bible was the central point of his philosophical as well as his religious thoughts, as it had been in his first beginnings as a student at Göttingen and Rome. After a life of many trials, but of unusual prosperity and enjoyment, he died in the end of 1860. The account of his last days is a very touching one.

We do not pretend to think Bunsen the great and consummate man that, naturally enough, he appears to his friends. We doubt whether he can be classed as a man in the first rank at all. We doubt whether he fully understood his age, and yet it is certain that he was confident and positive that he did understand it better than most men; and an undue confidence of this kind implies considerable defects both of intellect and character. He wanted the patient, cautious, judicial self-distrust which his studies eminently demanded, and of which he might have seen some examples in England. No one can read these volumes without seeing the disproportionate power which first impressions had with him; he was always ready to say that something, which had just happened or come before him, was the greatest or the most complete thing of its kind. Wonderfully active, wonderfully quick and receptive, full of imagination and of the power of combining and constructing, and never wearied out or dispirited, his mind took in large and grand ideas, and developed them with enthusiasm and success, and with all the resources of wide and varied knowledge; but the affluence and ingenuity of his thoughts indisposed him, as it indisposes many other able men, to the prosaic and uninteresting work of calling these thoughts into question, and cross-examining himself upon their grounds and tenableness. He tried too much; the multiplicity of his intellectual interests was too much for him, and he often thought that he was explaining when he was but weaving a wordy tissue, and "darkening counsel" as much as any of the theological sciolists whom he denounced. People, for instance, must, it seems to us, be very easily satisfied who find any fresh light in the attempt, not infrequent in his letters, to adapt the Lutheran watchword of justification by faith to modern ideas. He was very rapid, and this rapidity made him hasty and precipitate; it also made him apt to despise other men, and, what was of more consequence, the difficulties of the subject likewise. Others did not always find it easy to understand him; and it may fairly be questioned if he always sufficiently asked whether he understood himself. He was generous and large-spirited in intention, though not always so in fact. Doubtless so much knowledge, so much honest and unsparing toil, such freshness and quickness of thought, have not been wasted; there will always be much to learn from Bunsen's writings. But his main service has been the moral one of his example; of his ardent and high-souled industry, of his fearlessness in accepting the conclusions of his inquiries, of his untiring faith through many changes and some disappointments that there is a way to reconcile all the truths that interest men—those of religion, and those of nature and history. The sincerity and earnestness with which he attempted this are a lesson to everybody; his success is more difficult to recognise, and it may perhaps be allowable to wish that he had taken more exactly the measure of the great task which he set to himself. His ambition was a high one. He aspired to be the Luther of the new 1517 which he so often dwelt upon, and to construct a theology which, without breaking with the past, should show what Christianity really is, and command the faith and fill the opening thought of the present. It can hardly

be said that he succeeded. The Church of the Future still waits its interpreter, to make good its pretensions to throw the ignorant and mistaken Church of the Past into the shade.

WALT WHITMAN'S POEMS.*

SOME years ago, when a few copies of a volume called *Leaves of Grass* found their way into this country from America, the general verdict of those who had an opportunity of examining the book was that much of it was indescribably filthy, most of it mere incoherent rhapsody, none of it what could be termed poetry in any sense of the word, and that, unless at the hands of some enterprising Holywell Street publisher, it had no chance of the honour of an English reprint. In part this opinion is already proved to have been a mistaken one, for a West-end publisher has taken compassion on the stranger, and now presents it to the British public in a comely form. It may be as well to state at the outset, that the volume published by Mr. Hotten is not precisely a reprint of the original *Leaves of Grass*. It contains much new matter written since the appearance of that work, and does not contain any of the pieces marked by that peculiar freedom of speech which is generally associated in men's minds with the name of Walt Whitman. For the sake of all parties, the prurient as well as the prudish, lest the one should be unnecessarily alarmed or the other led into an unremunerative venture, it is only fair to say that there is nothing in the present edition to disqualify it for decent society, not to say qualify it for a place in the *Bibliothèque bleue*. It has cost Mr. Rossetti severe pangs, so he informs us, to part with so much as, from considerations of prudence, he has been obliged to exclude. "This peculiarly nervous age," this "mealy-mouthed British nineteenth century," with its present absurd notions about decency, morality, and propriety, could not be expected to receive "the indecencies scattered through Whitman's writings" in that æsthetic spirit in which they should be accepted; and, as he was unwilling to mutilate, "the consequence is that the reader loses in *toto* several important poems, and some extremely fine ones—notably one of quite exceptional value and excellence, entitled *Walt Whitman*." In one respect we are willing to admit the loss sustained in this last instance. The "poem" here referred to is the one which contains the key to Walt Whitman's philosophy and poetic theory. It is in it that he describes himself and his qualifications for the office of poet of the future, grounding his claim upon the fact of his being "hankering, gross, mystical, nude, one of the roughs, a kosmos, disorderly, fleshy, sensual, no more modest than immodest"; and proposing to produce poetry of corresponding qualities, a promise which we must say he most conscientiously fulfils. Its excellence may be open to question, but about its value to the reader who wishes to understand Walt Whitman there can be no doubt whatever.

The present edition is to be considered as an experiment. By excluding everything offensive, the editor hopes to induce people to reconsider the case of Walt Whitman, and reverse the verdict which has been already pronounced. This, we need scarcely observe, is rather more than they can be fairly asked to do, while the evidence which supports the gravest of the charges brought against him is suppressed. But this is not all that Mr. Rossetti expects. The present selection is so to brace and fortify the British mind that in a short time, he trusts, it will be able to relish what now in its weakness it rejects. A complete edition of Walt Whitman, with all the dirt left in, he looks forward to as "the right and crowning result" of his labours. This is but the school-boy's pudding, which, if we only finish it off, is to be succeeded by a full meal of the uncommonly strong meat he has in reserve for us. A fellow-countryman of the poet's, who had unsuccessfully besieged the virtue of a married lady, is said to have consoled himself with the reflection that, at any rate, he had "lowered her moral tone some." Though he himself had not gained his point, his labours, he thought, had diminished the difficulties in the way of the next comer. Something of this sort appears to be the modest mission of the present volume. We must confess we should very much prefer to see Mr. Rossetti employing himself on some task more worthy of his abilities. He has on many occasions done good service as a critic to literature and art, but we cannot look upon his present enterprise as one in any way beneficial to either. He desires to have Walt Whitman recognised, not merely as a great poet, but as the founder of a new school of poetic literature which is to be greater and more powerful than any the world has yet seen. He is not, it is true, entirely alone in this attempt. There have been already certain indications of a Walt Whitman movement in one or two other quarters. More than a year ago there was a paper in the *Fortnightly Review*, which, however, was not so much a criticism of his poetry as of his person, the writer having had, as well as we recollect, the privilege of reviewing him as he bathed—an important advantage, certainly, in the case of a poet whose principal theme is his own body. Then Mr. Robert Buchanan took him up in the *Broadway Magazine*, and, saying nearly all that has ever been said against Walt Whitman—that he is no poet and no artist, that he is gross, monotonous, loud, obscure, prone to coarse animalism and to talking rank nonsense—nevertheless arrived at pretty much the same conclusion as Mr. Rossetti, at least as to the powerful influence he is to exercise over the literature of the future. Something of this

sort we might, indeed, have expected. There are people whose reading of the Horatian saying about popular opinion is "*numquam vulgus rectum videt*," and who always set themselves to find virtues in everything that is generally condemned. Besides, it would be idle to deny that Walt Whitman has many attractions for minds of a certain class. He is loud, swaggering, and self-assertive, and so gets credit for strength with those who worship nothing that is not strong. He is utterly lawless, and in consequence passes for being a great original genius. His produce is unlike anything else that has ever appeared in literature, and that is enough for those who are always on the look-out for novelty. He is rich in all those qualities of haziness, incoherence, and obscurity which seem to be the first that some readers nowadays look for in poetry. But, above all, he runs a muck with conventionalities and decencies of every sort, which naturally endears him to those silly people who take a childish delight in seeing the respectabilities of the world pulled by the nose, and what they consider its stupid prejudices shocked. We need scarcely say we do not suspect a man of Mr. Rossetti's taste and judgment of this kind of enthusiasm. If we were to hazard a theory, we should be inclined to attribute his advocacy of Walt Whitman's poetical claims to an impatience of the feebleness, emptiness, and sentimentality so abundant in modern poetry. The feeling is one with which we do not quarrel; we only object to the form in which it finds expression. A plague of tinkling symbols is not to be met by a counter-treatment of sounding brass.

An admirer of Walt Whitman has one immense advantage. There is no standard by which his idol can be measured, no known test which can be applied to prove his quality. There is, therefore, a wide field for that dogmatic assertion which is the favourite argument of the transcendental critic. You must not object that his poetry has no melody, music, or form. It is something above and beyond all requirements of that kind. You are not to raise the objection that in a great deal of what he writes there is no meaning at all, and in a great deal more the meaning, when got at, is utterly commonplace. Poetry like Walt Whitman's is not to be judged of by any one who is influenced by narrow considerations of meaning. You are not to take exception to his language, that it is a vile jargon of his own coining. A poet of this order naturally rises above the trammels of precedent in the matter of language. As to the absence of imagination, invention, fancy, art, and sundry other things more or less looked for in poetry, to complain of this in the present instance only shows that you are incapable of understanding the subject. This sort of argument always tells powerfully with the timid, with those people who are haunted by a nervous dread of being set down as dull and commonplace if they allow common sense to influence their judgment; and besides, it has the merit of being unanswerable, except by contradiction. When a man shows you something with all the outward and visible signs of a wheelbarrow, and tells you it is an Act of Parliament, it is very hard to know what to say to him; and it is just as hard to know what to say when you are offered something like the following and told it is poetry, and poetry of a very high order. As the admirers of Walt Whitman always protest against his being judged of fragmentarily, we take the shortest poem we can find, instead of giving the queerest extract:—

VISAGES.

Of the visages of things—And of piercing through to the accepted hells beneath.

Of ugliness—To me there is just as much in it as there is in beauty—And now the ugliness of human beings is acceptable to me.

Of detected persons—To me, detected persons are not, in any respect, worse than undetected persons—and are not in any respect worse than I am myself.

Of criminals—To me, any judge, or any juror, is equally criminal—and any reputable person is also—and the President is also.

Now it may be that this is not balderdash, though we must confess to a strong suspicion that it is; but if it is poetry, all we can say is, we must find some other word for Shakespeare. Walt Whitman himself is much more candid on this point than his advocates. He certainly declares himself to be a poet, but at the same time he describes the offspring of his muse as a "barbaric yawp." We have no very definite idea as to the precise nature of a yawp, but, whatever it may be, it can scarcely be poetry.

We must do Mr. Rossetti the justice of admitting that he does not entirely rely on dogmatism in pleading the cause of his *protégé*. He does assign some few reasons why Walt Whitman should be accepted as "the poet of the epoch." In a paper which appeared in a weekly journal, he puts the claim on the rather curious ground of his being "an initiator in the scheme and structure of his writings, and an individual of audacious personal ascendant." But in the preface to the present volume he comes more plainly to the point. The reader, he says, is not to ask himself, or return any answer to the questions, whether or not Walt Whitman is like other poets, or whether or not the particular application of rules of art which is found to hold good in the works of other poets, and to constitute a part of their excellence, can be traced also in his work. "Let the questions rather be—Is he powerful? Is he American? Is he new? Is he rousing? Does he feel, and make me feel?" To each of these questions we should be disposed to answer simply "No," were it not that an unqualified negative is scarcely polite. We can see no reason for considering Walt Whitman powerful. Strong he may be, but it is only in the sense in which an onion is strong.

* *Poems by Walt Whitman*. Selected and Edited by William Michael Rossetti. London: John Camden Hotten, 1868.

His noise, bluster, and arrogance are no more indications of true strength than the swagger of the professional athlete at a country fair, who struts up and down the stage in salmon-coloured tights, and passes for a Hercules with the crowd from the way in which he feels his muscles in public. That he is American in one sense we must admit. He is something which no other country could have produced. He is American as certain forms of rowdiness and vulgarity, excrescences on American institutions, are American. But that he is American in the sense of being representative of American taste, intellect, or cultivation, we should be very sorry indeed to believe. New he certainly is, but it is only in his audacity, and in the abnormal structure of his poetry; there is not a new thought in his writings from beginning to end. As to the other questions, the answer must depend very much on individual temperament. Whether or not he himself feels we cannot tell, but, so far from being rousing or making his reader feel, we should say that with ninety-nine out of a hundred average readers Walt Whitman, taken in any quantity, would be found to be about as soporific a poet as ever produced a yawn. But even if all these questions could be answered in the affirmative—even if we were to concede that Walt Whitman is powerful and new and American and rousing, and throw into the bargain what his friends invariably lay great stress upon, his magnificent physique and his irreproachable character in private life—still all this, we submit, does not make him out to be a poet. To call a man a poet merely because he holds forth in rhapsodical style about one man being as good as another, everything being all right, every one having a right "to do as he dam pleases"—if we may venture to quote the concise language of Transatlantic liberty—and other dogmas of the same sort, is to confuse the functions of the poet and the stump orator; and generally, when Walt Whitman has any meaning at all, it amounts to no more than this. Very often he has no meaning whatever. In his fury he breaks out into a mere perspiration of words, and strings substantives together for pages on a stretch, the result being a something which is as much like poetry as an auctioneer's catalogue. To be sure there is scattered through his pages a vast amount of that vagueness which to some tastes has the true poetic charm. No doubt there are people who consider this sort of thing very fine:—

OF THE TERRIBLE DOUBT OF APPEARANCES.

The skies of day and night—colours, densities, forms—May-be these are (as doubtless they are) only apparitions, and the real something has yet to be known;

May-be seeming to me what they are (as doubtless they indeed but seem) as from my present point of view—And might prove (as of course they would) naught of what they appear, or naught anyhow, from entirely changed points of view.

But if it is very fine, then so is Miss Codger's outburst on being introduced to Elijah Pogrom:—

But why we call them so, or why impressed they are, or if impressed they are at all, or if at all we are, or if there really is, oh gasping one! a Pogrom or a Hominy, or any active principle, to which we give those titles, is a topic, spirit-searching, light-abandoned, much too vast to enter on.

But of course the special charm of Walt Whitman is that he is so—what his admirers call—unconventional; that is, that he says things which other people do not say, and in language which other people do not generally use. His unconventionality, however, is of a very cheap sort. It is nothing more than the unconventionality of the man who considers clothes conventional, and goes about without them. It is true that for the present we are spared the bolder strokes of his genius in this respect, but, as has been already mentioned, it is only for the present; and besides, Walt Whitman's grossness is not accidental, but constitutional. It arises partly from an insensibility to the difference between that which is naturally offensive and that which is not, partly from his peculiar theory of poetry. As it is a fundamental principle of his to recognise no law of any kind, and to submit to no restrictions of artistic propriety, it follows that with him all subjects are equally fit for poetic treatment. As Mr. Rossetti puts it, "he knows of no reason why what is universally seen and known, necessary and right, should not also be allowed and proclaimed in speech," and it is just this ignorance of his which, independently of other reasons, makes any attempt to set him up as a poetic model mischievous to the interests of literary art. It is not a question of squeamishness or hyper-sensitiveness. There is no prudery in objecting to nastiness, nor is there any originality, honesty, manliness, or courage in obtruding what even instinct teaches us to avoid. We cannot say, however, that we anticipate any serious injury to English or American literature from the influence or popularity of Walt Whitman's poetry, so long at least as people are courageous enough to use their common sense, and do not allow themselves to be led away by transcendental "high-falutin" into pretending an admiration which they do not feel.

AUSTRIAN CAMPAIGNS IN 1866.*

THAT there should exist a bureau of military history in the Vienna War Office at all, and that, existing, it should be allowed to send forth its labours for the use of the general public, are striking signs of the change of régime in Austria. It would make the Aulic Councillors turn in their graves if they but knew what liberties are being taken with the secrets of their successors.

* *Österreichs Kämpfe im Jahre 1866.* Bearbeitet durch das K. K. Bureau für Kriegsgeschichte. 1ter Band. Vienna: Gerold.

The same blinded infatuation which made them hamper their generals in the field with pedantic restrictions caused them to keep secret as long as was possible the working of the military machine which they controlled until the day of Austerlitz gave their office the *coup de grâce*. Thus they not only allowed their armies to become an easy prey to the more active generals of the Republic and Empire, but allowed the story of their defeats to be told for them to all Europe by the writers of the very nation that inflicted them. This miserable system of reticence makes it very difficult at the present day to gather the threads of the earlier wars of the French Revolution into a complete and honest narrative. Of the battle of Neerwinden, in 1793, for example, where Coburg gave Dumouriez a very handsome beating, and drove the French from Belgium at a blow, there is literally no Austrian detailed account extant earlier than a private one of 1808; and, out of Germany at any rate, all histories to this day follow the lying version given by the defeated general himself—as unworthy material for the lover of truth as the worst of Napoleon's bulletins. Of the Archduke Charles's wonderful successes in 1796—successes which it needed Napoleon's very finest strokes to counterbalance—we should know nothing had not the chief actor amused his leisure, in years long after, by composing his famous and long unacknowledged history of them. Of Austria's mighty share in the overthrow of the French Empire in 1813-14 there is no authentic official account as material for the impartial historian, so heavily lay the ancient spell of silence on the staff who directed Schwarzenberg's army. Radetski's brilliant strategy in 1848-9 in Italy broke it for once; but the work then put forth from the Vienna office was published, not only unofficially, but quite anonymously, its real source and value being only known to the few who, by examining it, detect the inspiration in the abundance of information it affords, taken direct from the necessary archives. The old system of official reticence returned in 1859—no marvel to those who recognise the share which Francis Joseph's own impulsive wrongheadedness had in the event of Solferino. Nor do we believe that the present occasion would have produced so happy and novel an effort as that before us from the War Bureau at Vienna, but for the simple fact that increased liberty of the press in that city has told in this direction, by producing so steady a stream of information as to the Austrian side in the war of 1866 from private sources, as to force on the official mind the unpleasant necessity of giving its own account of the mishaps, instead of having them all told bit by bit, in a form less favourable to those who were, above all, responsible.

Once determined on, we see little to object to in the way in which the work has been undertaken. Like other Austrian publications on the wars of Austria, it will at once prove valuable for its truthfulness, and yet require watching for its reticence. The student of such works knows well that in no national histories is there a more painstaking desire to give the facts with laborious accuracy. Unfortunately, the military affairs of the Empire have been for generations so complicated and bound up with the interests, reputations, and prejudices of the Imperial family, that to speak the whole truth is, to their loyal subjects, impossible—at least in print. They will tell you their minds very freely of this or that Archduke in conversation, and will point out how the traditions of the family cabal hamper the Emperor's own generous mind; but to get this published is quite another matter. Austrian freedom has not reached such a point as yet, at least among the military caste. Openly as some of the latter will criticize their superiors in speech, none has yet dared to give the world a faithful narrative of the share taken by Imperial pride, vacillation, or distrustfulness in the defeat of Wagram, much less in those of Solferino and Königgrätz. The completeness which we cannot yet obtain from those outside the War Office, we must not expect from the office itself. Meanwhile, we may be very thankful for what we have.

Printed, like other German scientific works, in good clear Roman characters, the volume now before us at once possesses one advantage over the more patriotic, but much less pleasant, type of the Berlin opposition publication. The style is dry and hard, and full of strangely converted foreign words, for the Viennese German, like the print, is more cosmopolitan than the Prussian. As mere material for the impartial historian, we have no hesitation in at once placing it above the more easily written and less diffuse work of Von Moltke, for the very exuberance of details which makes it wearisome to the ordinary reader will have value in the eyes of the special student. The ground covered by this first volume is precisely that which is also taken up by the Prussian writer, and as there is really very little new to be said on the general subject, we shall confine ourselves to examining such details as are here placed in a different view. Each office goes over the political steps which led to the declaration of hostilities, the organization of the respective forces, and the preliminary operations, including the investment and capture by General Vogel of the Hanoverian army, with the occupation of their kingdom, and of Cassel and Saxony. On each of these three points the Vienna authority sheds some certain additional light. We shall therefore look briefly at each in turn.

The various steps taken for mobilizing the forces to be engaged are detailed at great length, in separate chapters—those on the Prussian side being taken, with commendable fairness, solely from Berlin authorities. The necessary measures prove to have been originally entered on by the Austrian Bureau from the 21st of April, and continued gradually for the six following weeks as

events threatened more and more; and on comparing the two sections of the narrative carefully, it appears that their orders were generally in advance, and were regularly followed, stage by stage (allowing for minor differences of arrangement), on the Prussian side. Not only were the latter, in fact, confident that their new organization was now so complete as to be relied on for almost instant use, but their staff were probably fully aware that there had been no change made in the military administration of Austria to enable her to rival their celerity. Her depôts for recruits, in particular, were, as of old, scattered in outlying provinces far distant from the *corps d'armée* which they were to join. Hence their own side could always allow her a few days' apparent start, with the certainty of being able to overtake her—an advantage of which Bismark sought to make as much political capital as possible. There is hardly room to doubt that the Vienna writer is correct in the main when he thus describes the principle upon which the Prussian Cabinet acted:—

The military measures taken beforehand in Austria [chiefly on the Italian side] served as the pretext for the preparations for mobilizing. The latter had, however, in some sort a demonstrative character, with the intent, as it may be believed, to provoke Austria to further counter-armaments, which should, in their turn, give occasion for open complaints.

Thus the able Premier of King William is found, by his opponents' admission, to have succeeded in forcing them gradually into a state of war, and throwing on their shoulders the onus of being the first to adopt measures leading to hostility, whilst he knew all the time that he could rely on his own army being ready first. Officially, Austria was left without fair cause of complaint against Prussia, the circumstance of the hostility of Italy being thus dexterously turned against her. Supposing beforehand that Prussia had a right to gain her political ends by a combination with Italy, there seems little further use in canvassing the steps taken on either side; but this assumption will, of course, be disputed by all friends of Austria.

In what has just been said, reference has been made to the respective organizations of the two armies, and the vast superiority which Prussia here showed. Any doubt that existed on this second point is decisively settled by the details now published, if we accept it as granted that the Prussian corps (and this has never been contradicted) did actually reach their normal strength when hostilities broke out. So far from the Austrian army doing this, the force in Bohemia appears to have fallen nearly 50,000 short of the estimated (on paper) strength of 280,000. Excluding the garrisons, but including the artillerymen—not usually reckoned in Continental armies—it reached but 232,000 men without the aid of the Saxons; with these, therefore, barely 255,000. To oppose these on the whole Bohemian and Moravian frontier, the Prussians brought together, including the detachments in Lower Silesia, 288,000. Austria's friends were even worse prepared than herself. The Bavarians are found about the 1st of June to have promised to put into the field at once, in case of hostilities, a corps of 46,000 men. Their "*ordre de bataille*," since separately published in an appendix to Rüstow's history, though not in this section of the Austrian work, shows that this corps entered into action on the 4th of July less than 34,000 men, all told. Prussia had in short almost as much the advantage in readiness of organization as in her superiority of weapons, long since admitted; yet, owing to a false extension of her army at the first, in a defensive attitude, along the whole hostile frontier, she (according to the Austrian view) lost some of the time granted for assembling. This time was, however, more than recovered to her by the still more decisively defensive proceedings of the Vienna Cabinet, who adopted the view of Major-General Krismanic, Quartermaster-General of the Northern army, and ordered the whole of their troops to concentrate on Olmutz, and remain there motionless, except Clam Gallas's detached corps, which was placed in Bohemia. Krismanic's elaborate and (in our view) very feeble memorandum is given at full length, as though this would fix on the unlucky strategist the responsibility which belongs to the Cabinet—or rather, perhaps, to the family council—who chose to follow out his views.

This section of the work does not enter into the subject of Benedek's advance from Moravia. The manner of this movement, and the reason for suddenly setting Krismanic's plan aside, we have to learn later. There is nothing as yet known further of it than what appeared (the first detailed account then given) in the *Saturday Review* for the 16th of March in last year. It remains here to speak of the capture of the Hanoverian army, the particulars of which here afforded are doubtless obtained partly from the Austrian Ambassador who shared King George's march and misfortunes. They confirm what may have been already gathered from the Prussian official narrative, that the object of Von Moltke and his master, in acceding to the negotiations for truce from Berlin, was to use their military force for concluding it on their own terms. The conversing by electric agency is a new thing in war, and it is hard to define how far it may be lawfully strained to throw dust in the enemy's eyes. We confess that to us it seems the Prussian Cabinet outstepped all bounds of right in their share of the negotiation. Let us take the account in Von Moltke's own words, rather than from the Austrian narrative:—"In Berlin one was not at all willing to consent to the altogether unacceptable demands of King George, but quite ready to go generally into Conferences. It was hoped during these that the Prussian divisions advancing on all sides would attain such a superiority as to deprive the Hanoverians of the fancied obligation of fighting a useless battle for the honour of

their arms." This stratagem, acting on the indecision manifested —on Austrian testimony—at Hanoverian headquarters, had the desired effect. We cannot say that it reflects credit on those who resorted to it, except as regards their military sagacity. It would seem, from a published letter of the Duke of Saxe-Coburg's, that he understood the Prussian telegraphic replies in a different sense from a refusal of terms asked for, and that he, on that very account, personally persuaded the Hanoverian *parlementaire*, Major Jacobi, to stop the hostile proceedings of the advanced guard of his army, which otherwise would have captured Eisenach on the first day of the halt, and so opened the way to the south. There is but one plain excuse for the Prussian sharp dealing in the matter—namely, the fact that the Hanoverians were sending at this very time for succour to the Bavarians; but this, strangely enough, is not mentioned by either Prussian or Austrian narrator, nor could it have been more than guessed at in Berlin for several days later.

Since we have thought it right to condemn the conduct of the Prussians in this matter, it is but justice to add that the Austrian narrative very fairly settles another disputed subject in their favour. It has been repeatedly alleged that the minor States were neither prepared nor preparing for war, and were overrun by the Prussian army at a few hours' notice in a way so sudden as to amount almost to treachery. The want of preparation, it now appears, was solely the fault of the Executive Governments of the beaten party. Hanover and Cassel took an independent line, and made their own military arrangements, such as they were; but the Courts of Bavaria, Wurtemberg, Baden, Saxony, and Darmstadt had their officers in council at Munich as early as the 1st of June, to concert measures in favour of the Bund under Austrian influence. It cannot, therefore, be held that they were in any way surprised by the sudden hostility of Prussia.

THE SILVER STORE.*

MR. BARING-GOULD, though he is neither very original nor very profound, is one of those writers whom we are always glad to meet. He has devoted himself with a praiseworthy enthusiasm to certain byways of literature which very few have any acquaintance with, but which fully deserve to be reclaimed from the undiscovered regions of past history. In that multifarious division of labour which becomes more necessary every day as the area of knowledge, actual or possible, is continually widening before our eyes, and seems more and more to elude our grasp, no small gratitude is due to those who addict themselves with energy and perseverance to some neglected branch of study, even if at first sight it may appear comparatively unimportant. No genuine information about facts, either of science or history, can really be unimportant, for the whole is made up of its parts, and all the parts have a mutual relation and interdependence. We are of course using the word "fact" in its broadest sense. Opinions and modes of thought, whether sound or mistaken, are just as much historical facts as battles, treaties, and systems of government or finance. And it is quite impossible to have any real knowledge of the life of nations, or of the world, without studying their beliefs as well as their acts. In his two volumes on the *Curious Myths of the Middle Ages*, and his *Post-Medieval Preachers*, Mr. Baring-Gould has supplied valuable materials for this study from "mines"—to use his own expression—that have been too little worked of late. We may not always be prepared to accept the precise estimate he has formed of the treasures thus brought to light, and he certainly appears to us sometimes to jump at very hasty conclusions—as, for instance, when he insists that the current notions of English Dissenters are mostly derived from Pagan sources. But even in these cases we are content for the present with the verdict "Not proven," and are ready to listen to any further evidence he may have to adduce for his view. And the value of newly discovered data is not to be measured by the correctness or incorrectness of the generalizations based upon them. Even a false hypothesis may often do good service in promoting the advance of truth. In his present volume the author does not give us any theories, but only provides fresh materials for forming a judgment. It contains poetical versions, of very various metres and merit, of ancient legends.

The first criticism we have to make is suggested by the title-page. We are told that the contents of the book are drawn from "Mediæval Christian and Jewish mines." It is not clear from the wording—and there is no punctuation to help us—whether a twofold or a threefold division of sources is intended. In the former case there is obviously a cross division, for mediæval mines may be either Christian or Jewish, and in fact the great majority of the legends here selected, both Jewish and Christian, are mediæval. The natural inference is that the author means to say he has quarried in mediæval mines, both Christian and Jewish. But then his description, though logically accurate, is inaccurate as applied to the book. The third poem in it is based on a passage in the First Book of Kings, and has nothing to do with any mediæval legend or belief whatever. The sixth—which is quite unworthy of a place in the volume at all—is from a story of the date of 1608. The "Three Crowns," which we should be very sorry to lose, comes from an authority dated 1552; and "The Telescope," which we could very readily dispense with, is dated 1732. Clearly none of these

* *The Silver Store*. Collected from Mediæval Christian and Jewish Mines. By S. Baring-Gould, M.A. London: Longmans & Co. 1868.

poems—and there may be more of the same class—have any business here, according to the only reasonable interpretation of the title-page. This may seem a minute criticism, but a misleading name is worse than none at all. We may as well get through the disagreeable part of our task while we are in the critical vein, and there are two serious flaws in Mr. Baring-Gould's poetry which it is the more impossible to pass over, as they are glaringly, not to say ostentatiously, wilful. He can hardly be called a poet, but he seems to have a very fair command of metre and rhyme. Is it merely for the amusement of showing how easily rules can be broken that he again and again tortures our ears with uneven rhythm and bad rhymes? We have only room for a few specimens of these barbarisms, but their number is legion, and in every case it would have been just as easy to observe the laws of euphony as to violate them. To take rhymes first; we have "before" rhyming with "straw" (p. 14), "door" with "straw" again (p. 127), and "saw" with "store" (p. 131). Of gratuitously uneven lines, which the author positively revels in, there are no less than five instances in one poem of seven pages, "The Building of S. Sophia." We will quote them in their order:—

With sense of beauty and proportions filled,
And said, "In the name of Wisdom, build."

Two pages further on we read:—

"Where is the sculptor?" Ceases the choral song,
A hush falls instant on the mighty throng.

In the next page:—

"I deemed the sacred age of marvels passed away!"
Forth stepped the Patriarch and said, "Sire, I pray."

Why not omit "sacred"? The next instance is still more cacophonous:—

"Contributing, against my orders, to this pile?"
The widow answered simply, with faint smile.

The last combines false metre with false rhyme:—

I from my mattress pulled a little straw
And cast it to the oxen—I did nothing more.

All these specimens occur between p. 9 and p. 16. And the same sort of thing offends one throughout the volume.

It is pleasant to turn to the bright side of the picture. And notwithstanding these drawbacks, and another to be mentioned presently, the *Silver Store* is both an attractive and instructive volume, as throwing light on mediæval modes of thought. For the latter purpose we could wish the author had given us more notes, or had at least stated in each case where he has altered or recast the original legend. It is rather annoying to be told in the preface that "some of the most piquant stories in this collection are, in their original form, wholly devoid of point," without being also told where the "point" is due to the mediæval and where to the modern writer. There is of course no objection whatever to improving on an old legend, and it is only fair to say that, where Mr. Baring-Gould has given us an opportunity of comparing, his alterations are very decided improvements. But the historical value of the book would be greater if we knew exactly what is old and what is new in it. The stories, whether grave or gay—and the last six are humorous—convey some moral or religious lesson, which is usually excellent in its way. Perhaps one of the quaintest and most striking is the first in the volume, "The Devil's Confession," based on a document of the thirteenth century. The Devil betakes himself on "Maundy night" to the confessionals of Cologne Cathedral, and, after watching the penitents going in and out, at last determines to seek absolution himself. The style and matter of his confession, as might be expected, sufficiently startle the confessor, who is still more alarmed at learning the name of his penitent. However, Satan insists on his sincere desire for pardon, and professes his readiness to undergo any amount of torture "through fifty thousand years," if that will avail to procure it. The conclusion of the tale shall be given as it stands:—

"Son," said the pastor, "no such test be thine,
As thou didst fall through thy unbounded pride,
Bow to the figure of the Crucified

But once, and utter with a broken sigh,—

"I am not worthy to look up to heaven;

Oh, be free pardon to the rebel given."

"What?" said the Devil, with an angry cry,

"Bow to a God so lost to sense and shame

As to take human nature and man's name!

Bow to a God who could Himself demean

To suck the breast, and sweep the kitchen clean,

And saw up chips for Joseph? One who died

Upon a gallows with a mangled side!

Ha! when another twist of Fortune's wheel

Would have sent me up, and cast Him below!

Ha! To the Son of Mary shall I bow?"

And with a curse, he turned upon his heel.

We should be curious, by the by, to know if Mr. Baring-Gould's authorities bear him out in speaking of "a golden dove," suspended in the Choir at Cologne (A.D. 1230), as containing the Holy Sacrament, for this was a crucial point the other day in Dr. Phillimore's elaborate argument about lights on the altar. The story of Pope Boniface VIII., if our memory does not deceive us, has been improved for the benefit of His Holiness, no less than of the moral of the tale. As here given, the Pope tries to appease the quarrel of a Guelf Cardinal and a Ghibeline nobleman by reminding them they must both return to the common dust from which they were formed. According to the ordinary

version, the Pope, seeing one of his Ghibeline enemies kneeling before him on Ash Wednesday to receive the ashes, instead of the prescribed formula, "Memento homo quoniam pulvis es et in pulverem redibis," said to him, "Memento homo quoniam Ghibelinus es et in æternum peribis." Let us hope the more charitable version is also the more correct. We must make room for one more legend adapted, with some modifications, from Cæsar's *Heisterbachensis*, the author of "The Devil's Confession." Its touching beauty and gracefulness would suffer by curtailment:—

There went a little scholar
With slow and lagging feet
Towards the great church portal
That opened on the street.

Without, the sun was shining;
Within, the air was dim;
He caught a waft of incense,
A dying note of hymn.

He drew the crimson curtain,
And cast a look inside,
To where the sunbeam lightened
The form of Him who died,
Between Saint John and Mary
On roodloft crucified.

The curtain fell behind him,
He stood a little while,
Then signed him with the water,
And rambled down the aisle.

Behind a great brown pillar
The scholar took his stand,
And trifled with the ribbon
Of the satchel in his hand.

His little breast was beating;
His blue eyes brimming o'er;
Like April rains, his tears
Fell spangling on the floor.

An aged priest was passing;
He noticed him, and said,
"Why, little one, this weeping,
This heavy hanging head?"

"My father, O my father!
I've sinned," said the child;
"And have no rest of conscience
Till I am reconciled."

We cannot say that the teaching is always so pure and perfect as this. In some cases, as in "Lancelot" and "The Two Signs," it is difficult to detect any particular moral, while in others the idea is somewhat grotesque, as when the "Swallows of Cîteaux" come to ask the abbot's blessing before their departure for the winter. But this last is very characteristic of mediæval notions of obedience. The author thinks it necessary to apologize in his preface for the hard hits given to the fair sex in some of his humorous pieces. Certainly the "Dream of the Halter" is not complimentary to them, as may be inferred from the following extract from Ribadeneira (who surely is *not* a mediæval writer) on which it is founded:—

Ribadeneira also relates (*Histor. Prium Generalium*, lib. iii. c. 17) that Didacus Lainez, second general of the Jesuit order, being filled with the most earnest desire of self-immolation, sought out how he could best "take up his cross daily," and conceived the surest manner would be in taking to himself a wife; for, says Ribadeneira, "it seemed to him impossible in this world to find any cross heavier to lay upon himself, than a wife; consequently he hesitated whether he would not best fulfil the divine mandate by seeking a wife, it being impossible for him to embrace a more intolerable cross."

The story of Dr. Bonomi, who announced by placard that on a certain day he would raise all the dead in the churchyard of a certain French town, is hardly more flattering to the ladies. The following specimen is a happy example of the author's lighter style, as indeed is the whole poem from which it is taken:—

Now scarce had the placard appeared in the street,
Ere there came to the door a loud clatter of feet,

And one

Burst in on the doctor with colourless cheek,

And in his excitement scarce able to speak:

"Did you say you were going at the end of the week

To raise all the dead from the graves of the city?"

He fell on his knees wailing, "Doctor, have pity!

Do not arouse

My slumbering spouse!

Though fun

To a stranger such practices may be,

They're death and perdition, and worse, sir, to me.

If my wife,

Who is dead—rest her soul!—came to life,

What should I do?

For scarce had I seen her in sepulchre laid

Ere I put in the banns, and was spliced to her maid.

It never would do

Wives to have two,

Especially when the first wife was a scold,

Corpulent, fussy, and ugly and old;

And after her death one's enjoying her gold

With Kitty,

Who is dapper, and young, and good-natured, and pretty."

Then he pressed

A well-weighted purse on Bonomi, and said,

"Now doctor, remember, in raising the dead,

Let her rest."

To save the author's character for gallantry with "forbearing and forgiving women"—a point he seems to be rather sensitive about—we will add one more extract of a different kind, which must be

our last. It is taken from a Talmudic legend called "The Wife's Treasure." A Jewish couple having lived together very happily for ten years, but without any children, the husband resolves to divorce his wife and marry another, but promises, before sending her back to her father's house, to give her whatever treasure in her old home she likes to choose. Rabbi Simeon, who is applied to, advises a farewell feast before the wife's dismissal. The rest of the story we leave the author to tell:—

To the brim
The woman filled the bowl and passed it him,
And then he pledged her, and she filled again,
And he the goblet to his wife did drain
Once more, with many wishes good and fair,
But she the generous liquor did not spare,
Until he fell into a drunken sleep,
With head upon the table, heavy and deep.
And thus concluded the farewell carouse.
So then, she took him up with gentle care
Upon her shoulder, and her husband bare,
Nodding and drowsing, to her father's house,
And laid him on the bed.

At peep of day
He started up and said: "Woman! I pray,
Tell me, where am I?"

She to him replied:
"You promised me that nought should be denied
To me of what I valued. I could find,
In all thy house, thee only to my mind,
And I have borne thee hither; now, I trow
That thou art mine; I will not let thee go.
When I was thine, thou wouldest be quit of me;
Now thou art mine, and I will treasure thee!"

It will be seen, from the specimens we have given, that the *Silver Store* contains a great deal of amusing and pleasant reading. We hope the author will continue to delve in the "mines" he has already worked so successfully.

PLON'S LIFE OF THORVALDSEN.*

IN the month of September, 1838, a Danish frigate entered the Sound between Sweden and Denmark, and as there was little wind, and that contrary, anchored off Helsingöer. The next morning a steamer with deputations from both countries came to welcome the frigate with all signs of rejoicing—flags, and songs, and musical bands. This frigate, the *Rota*, had been sent to Italy to fetch an exalted personage, who now came to Denmark with a suite of attendants and sixty large cases of luggage. Copenhagen was in a state of the utmost excitement. The people were in such a fervid condition of mind that they observed the phenomena of the sky with a superstitious readiness to accept and interpret them as omens. An aurora borealis shone in the heavens when the frigate lay all night off Helsingöer, and when she became visible to the inhabitants of Copenhagen it was under the arch of a bright rainbow. A little fleet of boats, decorated with flags, and bearing each one a deputation from some profession or trade, went to meet the ship, and surrounded her. Two gentlemen had been selected as spokesmen, and these mounted the quarter-deck, where they expressed to the illustrious visitor the delight of the Danish people at his arrival amongst them. A gracious and even cordial reception and reply were given to these gentlemen by the visitor, and at the same instant there arose from the fleet of boats a hymn in his honour, composed expressly for the occasion by a national poet. Then the deputations in the boats climbed the ship's side, and in an instant crowded her decks from stem to stern. So great was the number of people on board that accidents were feared, and the illustrious stranger was humbly entreated not to delay his landing, on which he descended into a boat, which the little fleet soon afterwards surrounded. Then the yards were manned by the sailors, and the sailors cheered. And from the crowded quays of Copenhagen rose a shout of answering welcome that did not cease, but renewed itself continually. On his landing, the visitor was received by a public body, and when he stepped into his carriage the horses were unharnessed and the people dragged it to the palace of Charlottenborg. There, for a time, he was lost to the gaze of the multitude, but the multitude clamoured for him, and he showed himself on a balcony, on which thousands became half delirious with joy. The square was so crowded, we are told, that the equestrian statue of Christian V. seemed to swim in an agitated sea, and boys hung in bunches from the gas-lamps. The palace was garlanded with flowers, and at night there was a procession with torches, in honour of the hero of the day. For many days afterwards he could get no rest; it was an endless round of banquets and congratulation, and all the inhabitants of the capital who had any claim to position waited upon the visitor. The newspapers were full of him, every minute detail of his existence was recorded, and every morning brought him such quantities of letters, petitions, and invitations, that he found it impossible to read them, and had to employ a gentleman for the purpose. He had so many crosses and stars that he made a little cabinet of them, and showed them to his friends as one of his collections. He was on terms of the greatest intimacy with persons of the most exalted rank, and when the King of Denmark came to ask him to dinner, he declined without embarrassment, on account of a previous engage-

ment, setting aside the universal rule that an invitation from the Sovereign cancels all others.

This illustrious personage, for whom a royal frigate was sent to Italy, and who was received by a whole nation with as much enthusiasm as if he had been its king, and a popular king too, was a sculptor of the classical school, called Albert Thorvaldsen, the son of a poor ship-carpenter in Copenhagen. No artist of this century has been more famous. In comparison with his celebrity, that of Turner, for instance, was perfect obscurity. This Thorvaldsen went from Copenhagen to Rome, and was received in every city with public hospitality and rejoicing. If he passed near a Court, the King invited him to his palace; if he passed near a seat of learning or the fine arts, deputations of *savants* or artists saluted him with flattery so unmeasured that the wonder is how he could endure to listen to it. But he seems to have taken all this very easily, and on the whole to have rather enjoyed it, though without much flutter of vanity. It would have turned the brain of any man of Southern race, but Thorvaldsen, thanks to his tough Northern organization, bore it without any dangerous excitement. The most curious fact about it is, when we think of it, that this man was a sculptor, and that even of the cultivated classes not one person in fifty knows anything whatever about sculpture, or can tell first-rate from fifth-rate work when he sees it; and if we reflect further that a whole nation went mad about Thorvaldsen, we may be sure that the proportion of his adorers who adored on critical grounds must have been quite infinitesimally small, perhaps one in five hundred. Human nature is a curious study in many ways, and few of its peculiarities are more astonishing than its capacity for feeling intense enthusiasm about things of which it is absolutely ignorant, and will not take the trouble to inform itself. The enthusiasm of all these Danes about Thorvaldsen was strong enough to make them shout and sing and drag his carriage through the streets of Copenhagen, but it was not enough to make them study art and ascertain for themselves the merits of the artist. All this they found it easier to take for granted, and the faith which takes things for granted was never more vigorously manifested. We understand more easily a national madness about a soldier, or a ruler, or a religious teacher; but to see a little Northern people, usually remarkable for soberness and practical sense, going almost out of its wits about a sculptor who imitated the antique, is not this really extraordinary? If the Norwegians had a national enthusiasm for Tidemand the painter, this would be more intelligible, because he is Northern and national in feeling, and painting is a far more popular art than sculpture; but that the Danes should have been so delighted with a maker of pseudo-antique statues, however skilful the imitation, passes all understanding. If they had known Thorvaldsen personally very well, we might have attributed their adoration to a liking for the man; but they knew next to nothing about him, for he had always been an absentee, and though, when he came back, his long white hair and nice venerable look were of the greatest use to him, still the enthusiasm was already at fever point before the white locks came in sight on the *Rota*.

The explanation of the Thorvaldsen mania in Denmark is that Denmark is a small country, and felt itself elevated by the European fame of one of its children. London takes the celebrity of its artists more coolly than Copenhagen, but it is fair to add that no artist born in London has ever yet achieved a tithe of the Continental glory of Thorvaldsen. How this immense fame was acquired we already know. Like most of the great officially recognised celebrities in modern art, Thorvaldsen tied his little boat behind the good old ship the *Antique*, and was towed triumphantly into port. There was a time—and this sculptor had the good luck to establish himself in Rome exactly at that time—when the princes and great people in Europe were much interested in antique art. They were not very particular about the quality of it; they felt about antique art generally a readiness to accept anything it had to offer—something like the disposition of many country clergymen in regard to Gothic, who have a reverence for pointed arches and old tracery generally, and have not yet acquired the audacity to discriminate between the good and bad art of the middle ages. Thorvaldsen fell in with the humour of the time, and produced works which entirely satisfied his patrons. They all seem to have been perfectly delighted with him, except with his tardiness in the delivery of work commissioned. He would accept any quantity of commissions, and establish any number of studios, where he kept a staff of workmen constantly employed in copying his clay models. He understood the art of economizing his own labour, and worked but little in marble, retouching the statues made by his workmen, but not carving much himself. His view of the art of the sculptor was that unfortunately too prevalent in modern times, that it consisted in making clay models. Even in the clay itself Thorvaldsen found means of availing himself of the labours of others. He often sketched the subject roughly in clay, then entrusted it to one of his subordinates to work up to a semi-finish, and retouched finally himself. The quantity of work he left behind him would seem inexplicably large if these facts were not taken into consideration. It must also be remembered that his life was exceptionally long and laborious.

M. Plon's biography is clearly and agreeably written, and we have read it through with great interest. But it has not altered the opinion of Thorvaldsen's personal character which we had formed from what was before known of him. M. Plon's hero is not a man whom we can either love or respect. There are passages in his life which indicate a total absence of

* *Thorvaldsen, sa Vie et son Œuvre*. Par Eugène Plon. Ouvrage enrichi de deux gravures au burin par F. Gaillard, ancien pensionnaire de l'Académie de France à Rome, et de trente-cinq compositions du maître, gravées sur bois par Carboneau d'après les dessins de F. Gaillard. Paris: Henri Plon. 1867.

honour, and a shameful lack of manly frankness and courage. A Scottish lady, of good family, whose name, with utter want of delicacy, M. Plon gives in full, was unfortunate enough to place her affections on the unworthy sculptor, who for a time encouraged the belief that they were returned. When a marriage between this lady and Thorvaldsen was considered as settled—when everybody in Rome, and the lady's friends in Scotland, talked of it publicly as a certainty—Thorvaldsen suddenly deserted her to form a connexion with a married woman from Vienna who lived in the same street and in the opposite house, so that Miss — had the mortification of actually seeing him day after day going and coming from his visits there. The delicacy of this piece of conduct is exactly on a par with his arrangements with a mistress of his called Anna Maria. This woman, who was a sort of superior lady's-maid at a house where Thorvaldsen visited, joined the amusements in which he also took part, and let him seduce her. Some time afterwards, when she had already lived as his mistress, she improved her social position by a marriage with a gentleman who was much her superior in station, but, before the marriage, actually made Thorvaldsen sign an agreement to provide for her maintenance in case of a domestic rupture. This rupture naturally took place when the unfortunate husband found out his wife's true character, and Thorvaldsen, in virtue of the written agreement, found himself saddled with this woman, who governed him imperiously for years after. The two connexions with this Anna Maria and the Austrian lady were going on at the time when he ought to have married Miss —. We should like to know what became of Thorvaldsen's poor old parents during his prosperity at Rome. We have some recollection that, according to another biographer, he allowed his old father to be sent to an asylum. It is certain that, from the time he left Copenhagen as a lad to the time when he came back like a king in a royal ship, he never once either visited his father and mother, or paid their expenses to Rome; and they never set eyes on their son in the days of his celebrity, but toiled on obscurely in their narrow life at Copenhagen. Surely Thorvaldsen cannot have had a really noble nature, or he would have found a deeper pleasure in making his parents witnesses and sharers in his prosperity than in the friendship of his greatest patrons.

It would be unjust, however, to paint this man's character entirely in foul colours. Much of his negligence of duty may be attributable to absorption in his occupation, and to his utter ignorance of everything but his trade. Readers who have taken the trouble to study the uneducated classes must have observed that they are less alive to certain forms of duty than those above them, and, without any intention of doing wrong, they act often with what seems to us great hardness and indifference. Now Thorvaldsen was always quite illiterate. A maker of clay models, not a man of cultivated mind, he belonged all his life to the uneducated classes. He acquired, by contact, some colloquial use of other languages than his own, and from constantly mixing in society, some external polish of manner sufficient for the external relations of life. But he never had any delicacy. For instance, Mr. Hope, his first patron, was the cause of all his success. Thorvaldsen was leaving Rome in despair of ever doing anything there; his portmanteaus were packed, and all that hindered his departure was a delay about a passport, when Mr. Hope saved him by a generous and liberal commission. This was in the year 1803. Long before Mr. Hope's statue was finished the artist received other orders, and though Mr. Hope had actually advanced part of the price of the statue, and though he frequently wrote about it, the statue was not delivered to him till the year 1828, Thorvaldsen having executed a hundred things for others in the interval. Now we think that conduct of this kind implies a dulness of perception which is happily rare amongst educated men, but we are willing to admit, in palliation of it, the artist's absorption in other and pressing ideas, and the torpidity of a mind never awakened by education to clear notions of duty and honour. Nothing is said by M. Plon about Thorvaldsen's religious views. He was not a Christian, but notwithstanding this he might have had a more admirable character. Many honourable and just men, whose lives are pure and whose ideal of duty is high, are unbelievers, and there are so many instances of this kind that we cannot admit unbelief as an excuse for failure in duty. The too common habit of saying, "He was an infidel, therefore he was free to do wrong," has the tendency to emancipate sceptics themselves from the sense of duty and obligation. We would rather remind them that, since so many of their number have been capable of rectitude, they must all be held responsible members of society.

Let us close this notice with a pleasant trait. Thorvaldsen, in his utmost height of fame, never scorned poor people. At the time of his full, ripe glory in Copenhagen he actually wanted to eat with his servants, who were man and wife, in order to save the woman the trouble of two services. He was economical to parsimony, and his personal expenses were trifling; but he was liberal in donations, and this liberality had to be restrained and controlled by one of his friends, who became a sort of secretary to him. It has been said that he was fond of smoking and drinking; but so, in a moderate convivial way, are many excellent men, and an entire indifference to these pleasures is usually the sign either of an unsocial disposition or of indifferent health. There must have been something personally attractive in Thorvaldsen, or he could not have had so many and such kind friends.

BRITISH GRASSES.*

THE catalogues and "little books" of grass-seeds with which seedsmen fill the post-bags at this season of the year have recalled our attention to Miss Plues's book on "Grasses," which reached us last August or September, and which merited an earlier notice. In a preface, dated May, 1867, she speaks of the "elegant grasses now beginning their varied succession in our rich meadows and pastures"; and if "now" represented May last year, it might have stood for April this year, when an extraordinarily early spring had been yielding its first fruits in lane and dell, in fields and in gardens. But, in truth, this sort of book can never be inopportune. Its interest ought to be universal. It is calculated more or less to serve the purpose, not only of the scientific agriculturist and botanist, but also of the large class of readers who like to get a general view of such home subjects. Even those who belong to neither of these divisions, and care nothing for the nature, properties, and varieties of the grass they tread on, will be the better, if they take up Miss Plues's book, for a little involuntary research. They will find themselves astonished at the diversities of the green herbage which they have regarded in the light of grassy carpeting only; whereas, in the tropics, it takes the form of leafy plumes, and in various climates divides itself into the more important classes of "cereals" for the food of man, and "agricultural grasses" for the fodder of cattle, as well as the subordinate classes of economic and ornamental grasses.

Professed botanists may possibly find little novelty in the volume, though even they must own that Miss Plues understands how to enliven dry scientific data, classifications, and nomenclatures by prettily told anecdotes, and by curious bits of grass-lore; such as, for instance, about the uses and virtues of "holy-grass," which is strewn before church-doors on feast-days in Catholic countries, and in Sweden is placed above the bed, that its sacred influence may induce balmy slumber; or about the Act of William and Mary against gathering the spikes and leaves of the "Psamma arenaria," or "sea matweed" and the Elymus arenaria, because the creeping roots of these grasses, binding together the sand-drifts, formed a natural embankment against the sea's incursions. A charm, too, is added to her pages by the enthusiasm with which she describes the surprises of grass-growth; e.g., when the "meadow-foxtail" (*Alopecurus pratensis*) is found some fine morning to have superinvested its club-like green panicles with quivering orange anthers. Certainly the book is one to recommend to farmers and farmeresses, or at least to two-thirds of the class, whether amateur or professional. Virgil sang, "O fortunati nimium sua si bona norint Agricole"; and, with a little license of interpretation, the same holds good now. This little volume contains more than one protest against the *laissez-faire* system of farming which looks to Providence to clothe the pastures without man's co-operation. It is patent to ordinary observation that the usual mode of laying down, with grass, land that has been ploughed up is to scatter over it the sweepings of tollet and hay-bin, without any pains to adapt the seed to the soil in which it is sown; and that, in six cases out of ten, the selection of the seeds best calculated to renovate worn-out pastures is a thing undreamed of by rural philosophy:—

It was [writes Miss Plues] long after Stillington had introduced the plan of selecting seeds, and Sinclair of studying varieties of land, that either practice came into vogue; and it is but the smaller portion of farmers who give intelligent care to the subject even in the present day, though few would confess to neglecting it altogether. For those whose lands bear first-rate pasture, we have only to recommend gratitude to the Author of all nature's benefits, but to the rest we beg to recall the well-known proverb, "God helps those that help themselves."

Nor, indeed, is a little book-learning on these subjects less needful to put an end to the defaults of indifference than to correct vulgar errors. Rye-grass or "ray-grass" seed, Miss Plues shows, is apt to get mixed with "couch" seed, and therefore unreasoning farmers have a crotchet that the former produces and engenders the latter; but Messrs. Wheeler of Gloucester, seedsmen of high repute, are quoted to prove that care and pains may prevent any such baneful admixture, seeing that the seed of "couch-grass" is larger and thinner than that of rye-grass (p. 213). There is another vulgar error as to the presence of Cat's-tail-grass (*Phleum pratense*) in grass land that has been ploughed up, tending to hurt the corn crop. On the contrary, it is shown here to be useful as improving the straw (pp. 124-5). And we could cite half a score like misconceptions, which in these pages are set right.

If we turn to gardens and grass-lawns, the experience of mothers and daughters, whose home-view from the drawing-room windows is bounded by these, is sufficient to tell them that to "peel the best permanent pasture on the estate" will not always ensure smooth turfs and croquet-grounds. Plantains and daisies, dandelion and buttercup, spring up unbidden; and if gardeners would believe in books, which they won't, this book might convince them that the best plan is to have recourse for proper seed-mixture to trustworthy seedsmen, and after trenching, draining, and fresh soiling, to renovate or recreate your lawn therewith. Not that it is of any use to be content with common seeds and vendors of seed, and to grow "stuff only fit to feed sparrows with." For another hint, too, Miss Plues owns herself indebted to Messrs. Wheeler of Gloucester—namely, that to keep a lawn from getting bald and patchy through the annoyance

* *British Grasses: an Introduction to the Study of the Gramineæ of Great Britain and Ireland.* By Margaret Plues. London: Reeve & Co. 1867.

of worms, larvæ, and insects, nothing is better than to encourage thrushes, and starlings, and blackbirds. *Verbum sap!* But gardeners are seldom sapient herein. To our mind, a garden is not a garden if it lack an ever-fresh chorus of native songsters, as well as its rookery in the wilderness, and its wood-pigeons in the *arbor vite*. It is worth retaining the luxury of this concert of birds at the cost of half our cherries and strawberries, especially when these winged vocalists condescend so obligingly to act as scavengers, and to keep our lawns fresh and clean. In connexion with lawns, Miss Plues has a nice chapter on those ornamental grasses which have become so marked a feature in them of late. Chief of these is the so-called "Pampas grass," a curious misnomer, seeing that it is not found in any part of the Pampas, but only on the banks of the Paraná and other South American rivers. Its botanical name is "Gynerium Argenteum," and of its grace and beauty in the centre or other prominent points of a garden it is superfluous to speak, but two hints respecting it may be worth the notice of inexperienced investors in Pampas grass. The female plants suit our climate best; and the way to keep them longer and to get their colours earlier is to tie the leaves together and mat them round securely from the end of autumn until March (p. 73). Under favourable conditions the sugar-grass (*Holcus Saccharatus*) might claim to rival it, but this plant is more susceptible of cold, and rarely exceeds eight feet in England. To both the varied representatives of the Panick group appear comparative dwarfs, though the bulbous Panick, being five feet high, is a giant amongst its kinsfolk. The "maize" and some sorts of *Elymus* look well in shrubberies, and in kindly climates no European ornamental grass outries the *Arundo Donax* (p. 76). Amongst other ornamental grasses Miss Plues does not forget the "feather-grass" (*Stipa pennata*, p. 78), said to be among grasses what the Bird of Paradise is to other birds. Some of the Fescues, too, are used ornamentally; and both the giant and the common quaking-grass are lovely and time-honoured garden-grasses. "Alike in cottage and hall we see bunches of quake-grass as a winter ornament, only the cottager frequently suspends it in bunches from the ceiling, while the squire's lady mingles it with everlasting-flowers in the elegant cornucopia." We echo the authoress's plea for the higher estimation of ribbon-grass; than the parti-coloured streamers of which there is no prettier contrast to violet or rose colours in a nosegay. Bentham calls it "Digraphis," and Linnaeus "Phalaris Arundinacea," and Miss Plues adopts the nomenclature and classification of the former. Where there is water in a garden, one would suggest as an additional ornamental grass the graceful and reed-like "Poa Aquatica," which is to be prized for its beauty, and not less because it is a covert for the moor-hens. By the waterside too should wave that noblest of native reed-grasses, "Arundo Phragmites."

The mention of reeds suggests transition to the bamboos, Brazilian, and other foreign reeds, which stand foremost among "economic" grasses. Of the bamboo it is harder to say what are not, than what are, the uses; whilst their ally, the Brazilian reed, at one stage of its growth, is cooked like asparagus, and at another is used for thatch or as a projectile. Nature's beneficence in endowing the stem of this reed with such capacity for imbibing moisture that the parched traveller has but to cut it off below a knot to find a cup of water to slake his thirst, is a beautiful fact commemorated in these pages. Reeds, as all know, have been rendered vocal by man from the earliest ages. Nor does the obsolete, though unrepealed, Act above referred to, about cutting the "Psamma," or "Arundo Arenaria," prevent its stems being used, as may be seen in the Kew Museum, for mats, baskets, ropes, and slippers, although no doubt its best use is to serve, as Nature designed it, for a sea-wall. Another application of grasses is to dyeing; a yellow-green is got from one of the "bent-grasses," and a yellow from the common reed (p. 63). From grasses also are extracted, as we learn from this handy volume, oils, essences, and perfumes of more or less virtue. There is an interesting account of experiments as to the application of grass stems to paper-making, though it does not seem that these have been more than partially successful. Some admixture of rags is still a necessity, and though straw, in the raw state, is eight times as cheap as rags, the waste and labour in preparing the former equalizes the expense of the two processes. From straw alone, however, is manufactured a good brown paper, and common newspapers are stiffened by the use of straw-pulp.

For "straw-plaiting" it has been demonstrated that various British grasses, of the Fescue, the Bent, the Oat-grass, and the Dogtail groups, are more suitable after proper bleaching than the culms of cereal grasses. The quality of such straws as are used for Leghorn-plait "depends on a culture not attainable in this climate." But if our "cereals" do not well subserve the covering of the outer man, they have a vast share in comforting and supporting the inner. To say nothing of the bread "to strengthen man's heart" which comes from wheat, barley, rye, and oats; of the uses of wheat-flour in vermicelli, macaroni, and semolina; of pearl barley in "barley-water," "barley-bro'" and puddings; of oat-meal, groats, and rye-rolls; it is to be remembered that the barleys are chiefly used amongst us for malting, the Chevalier Barley entering into the composition of Scotch ales, and London and Dublin porter, and the Annat and other varieties serving ordinary malting purposes (p. 27). The common bere barley is used in making whisky, while rye is the chief ingredient in hollands or geneva. From rice, an Asiatic and African cereal, the spirit called arrack is got by fermentation. To return

to the more substantial use of cereals, why is it that, whereas doctors and text-books aver that wheaten-bread made of the whole grain ground together is most wholesome and nourishing (p. 24), civilized and well-to-do man persists in sticking to the whitest bread and the finest flour?

Curious matter about the origin of various cereals will be found in this volume. The experiments of M. Esprit Fabre, of Agde, in the south of France, seem to have proved that our agricultural wheats are only cultivated varieties of the *Egilops* genus of grasses. Seeds of the latter were sown in a garden in 1838, and the produce annually resown till 1846, when as good wheat came of the sowing as that of any wheatfield in the neighbourhood (p. 17). In like manner, Professor Lindley suspects the common oat to be a cultivated variety of some wild species, perhaps the *Avena Strigosa*; and Colonel Chesney found on the banks of Euphrates a wild oat that might as well have been the original of the common oat, as the *Egilops* of cultivated wheat (p. 38). The "strigosa" differs from the common oat (*sativa*) in having florets ending in two straight lengthy bristles. Rye, too, seems to have its origin in a wild species, with ears not more than from one to two inches long, found in the Crimea. Its native country may account for its hardness (p. 36). The origin of barley is not known. On the diseases incident to wheat and rye (barley and oats are more hardy), which Darwin, in his Botanic Garden, sums up as

Devouring blight,
The smut's dark poison, and the mildew white,
Deep-rooted Mould and Ergot's horn uncouth,
And the dire *Canker's* desolating tooth,

Miss Plues has much to say. Nor does she forget to claim for grasses in general an innoxiousness to which Darnel *Lolium*, and one or two others, are possible exceptions. Of course a great portion of the volume consists of tribes, genera, and species, arranged according to Mr. Bentham's system; and this part is more adapted to serve the young botanist's purpose than to furnish matter for the pages of a review. Its information will be found satisfactory and ample, while the general topics, to which we have chiefly referred, will minister amusement and instruction to the general reader. For getting up the subject of grasses we cannot conceive a handier book than Miss Plues's, which is furnished with ample and accurate illustrations; while for putting her data to the proof, and testing the value of hints and suggestions, it may be well to make acquaintance with that really scientific brochure, Messrs. Wheeler's *Illustrated Book on Grasses*.

SPRINGDALE ABBEY.*

THIS book belongs to the nondescript class which hovers upon the verge of novels. It possesses a kind of plot, intended chiefly to string together a series of more or less desultory observations and sketches of character. The imaginary author, whom we may presume to be a tolerably faithful portrait of the true author, is a country clergyman of a tolerant and rather humorous turn of mind. He is reconciled to the secluded position in which he lives; possibly we should say that he absolutely enjoys it; at the same time he sees very strongly the absurdities of many of his parishioners, their narrow views of life, their tendency to small spiteful gossip, and in some cases their hypocrisy and bigotry. The book should, therefore, supply some answer to a question which must occur to many young clergymen. The prospect of being immured in a remote country parish, amidst a commonplace set of rustics, is not a cheerful one. Putting aside the higher motives which may induce a man of cultivation to reconcile himself to such a position, how is he to find amusement? or rather, how is he to guard against sinking into a state of intellectual lethargy? Various means of escape are open to men of naturally active minds; they generally contrive to provide themselves with some hobby in the pursuit of which they may expend a certain amount of energy. A man may take up archaeology, or botany, or some other decorous clerical pursuit; he may spend all his leisure moments in procuring a restoration of his church; or he may get up a good standing quarrel with some of his more obnoxious neighbours. The author of *Springdale Abbey* takes a different mode of avoiding mental stagnation. He is eagerly devoted to what he would probably call the study of character, or to what we may imagine that some of his neighbours would call the collection of scandalous gossip. He enjoys the discovery of a new type of human being in his parish as an entomologist would rejoice over a new beetle, or an antiquary over a deposit of flint implements. Indeed, he is so much excited by a curious group of characters that, in studying their relations, he forgets, as he fairly confesses, some of his parish duties. He writes down queer fragments of conversation; he insinuates himself into the confidence of persons whose only attraction is their extreme oddity; and, like most enthusiasts, he seems to us rather to exaggerate the merits of his discoveries. As a farmer will expatiate upon the points of some prize animal till he works himself up to believe in its possession of ideal excellence, so the author of *Springdale Abbey* exults over the strange peculiarities of his flock. They are all prize specimens of the classes to which they belong. No country parson, if we may believe the incumbent of Springdale himself, could show parishioners against him. Other men may raise more successful cucumbers, or possess finer breeds of pigs; but if a fancy parishioner, like some other fancy

* *Springdale Abbey*. Extracts from the Letters and Diaries of an English Preacher. London: Longmans & Co. 1868.

animals, is to be valued rather for his oddity than his intrinsic virtues, Springdale must be a paradise for the curious in such commodities. We feel a certain doubt, indeed, as we read, how much of this is owing to the skill of the showman, and how much to the genuine singularity of the objects displayed. No doubt a remote country parish is favourable to the development of some eccentricities whose growth would be checked in a London atmosphere. The thorough original, the man who follows his own fancies without ever checking them by the standard of his neighbours, can only be found in the remotest districts; and it is just possible that in some corner of the country, untouched by railways and beyond the reach of daily newspapers, there may be living persons who may have sat for the portraits in this volume. We must admit, however, that it is more probable that the artist has been guilty of a caricature, and that such beings as a certain Squire Fogden, and a Dissenting preacher named Gladdon, are more likely to inhabit the author's brain than any town within the three kingdoms.

We may give a sufficient idea of these strange animals, and of the general style of the work, by a short quotation:—

"Sir," says Squire Fogden, in the course of a conversation with the Dissenter, "my soul, that is to say that incorporeal and immaterial essence which, according to the philosophers, or rather the psychologists, at least if we limit the range of our observation to what—"

"Squire Fogden," said Barnabas, "I pray you dally not so in that feckless manner; your tongue has gone long enough on foot, let it now try horse-back. O, sir, if your heart were right your stomach would not be so vapoury, and you would know, as saith a child of the covenant, that the children of the wedding-chamber have cause to leap and skip for joy, for the marriage supper is drawing nigh. O bridegroom, be like a roe or a young hart upon the mountains! O well-beloved, run fast, that we may once meet!"

This wretched Squire Fogden fills a large space in the book, and always deals in sentences such as that quoted, which are never allowed to reach a full stop. The Dissenter pours forth a rant, which, it must be admitted, is more familiar, though we would hope that few even amongst the Particular Baptists have so singular a command of Scriptural language. Whether these portraits are drawn from the life, or chargeable with gross exaggeration, we need not determine; but it must be admitted that they become terrible bores. We smile, perhaps, at the first utterance of the philosophical squire, but long before the hundredth we are ready to admit that, if such idiots exist, their nonsense ought not to be written down and put into print. In short, we very soon suspect that the country parson, though he professes to be a bit of a humourist, has contracted some of the heavy-wittedness of his bucolic neighbours. His notion of a joke includes the characteristic device of repeating it a dozen times over. Simple-minded rustics, like children, have a wonderful relish for an ancient bit of facetiousness; they like the ponderous and often repeated jokes which give you plenty of time to laugh, and are sure to come up again after a short interval if you missed the point at first. This terrible joke of Squire Fogden's long-winded sentences just fulfils this condition. There are probably some simple readers who watch his entry upon the page with delight, and are ready to explode in the proper guffaw at each of his periodical bursts of nonsense. We must confess that we are a little too sophisticated to derive much pleasure from this diluted facetiousness. It would be too hard upon a country clergyman to blame him for making rather small jokes, for we cannot but feel that under the circumstances it is some credit to him even to try to be facetious. It is not wonderful if his fun rather misses fire after being kept so long in so heavy a social atmosphere. Moreover, we feel a certain kindness to the author of *Springdale Abbey* for the singular benevolence of the moral which he indicates. It is true that he makes out that his squire is a pompous fool, and the Dissenting preacher a canting hypocrite. If there are no squires and no Dissenting preachers whom the cap fits, the misrepresentation is at least not caused by any bad feeling; for the general conclusion of the book is the advantage of universal toleration, and of toleration including classes from which the most liberal country clergymen are apt to shrink. It is rather a startling circumstance that the son of the squire marries the daughter of the minister of the Particular Baptists; and equally startling, that the squire makes no remonstrance, that the parson attends the marriage service in the Dissenting chapel, and that parson, squire, and ranting preacher are all in the constant habit of meeting at each other's houses, on terms as friendly as are consistent with each of them having at bottom a hearty contempt for his neighbours. It is true that the author shrinks at his own boldness, and at the end of his book brings in a very clumsy trick by which it is proved that the supposed preacher's daughter is really the daughter of somebody else; but the parish in which such things can take place under any hypothesis must certainly be a singular exception to the rule. When lions lie down with lambs, we may expect to see squires and parsons and Particular Baptists attending tea-parties together, giving their sons and daughters to each other in marriage, and holding long and friendly conversations as to their respective creeds. The author, indeed, goes further even than this. He placidly ridicules his own exaggerated arguments against Dissent, and selects for his model hero a Dissenting preacher, who, moreover, has become a convert to Dissent, although the son of an orthodox clergyman of the Established Church. This wonderful person, a Mr. Washington, can not only read Latin, Greek, and Hebrew, but puts all the regular Oxford and Cambridge orators out of countenance by his marvellous eloquence at a missionary meeting; he confutes twelve arguments by which the author endeavours to show the

wickedness of Dissent; and—which is perhaps the most wonderful feat of all—he lends a sermon to the orthodox preacher, which, when delivered, carries the Church congregation by storm, and produces a unanimous request that it may be printed and circulated throughout the country. We can understand that a clergyman may admit that Dissenters are human beings, and even have some good qualities; but that he should go so far as to make a perfect hero out of a Dissenting preacher, that he should ridicule his own sermons, even in an avowed fiction, by comparison with the hero's amazing eloquence, and put up his imaginary arguments to be knocked down by the hero's logic, affects us with a certain feeling of incredulity. We begin to doubt, in spite of some internal evidence, whether we are not listening to a wolf in sheep's clothing. Surely it must be some Particular Baptist who is speaking to us in the character of an orthodox clergyman, in order to bring shame upon the cloth. And our wonder reaches its climax when we find our clergyman actually expressing pleasure at the conversion of one of his parishioners to the faith of the ranters. If the story was to be judged in accordance with its merits as a picture of ordinary parish life, we must condemn it as wildly improbable. But if it is to be considered as meant to recommend an ideal state of things, we must leave its merits to the judgment of our readers. The following sentence sums up the lesson which it is intended to teach; and we will only add that it shows a very enviable degree of philosophical calm:—

I have seen [says the clergyman] that one form of religion can never meet the necessities of the innumerable temperaments and grades of education which are found in society. One man is silent, let him go to the Quakers; another is very passionate and demonstrative, let him go to the Primitive Methodists; another is very sober and conservative, let him go into the Established Church.

Certainly the adoption of this principle would amazingly simplify many religious difficulties.

FRENCH LITERATURE.

THE new volume published by M. Renan under the title *Questions Contemporaines** is a collection of essays with which we were already acquainted. We had seen some of them in the *Revue des Deux Mondes*, others in the *Journal des Débats*. Most of them, as the title of the book suggests, refer to questions of present interest. Politics, public instruction, and the civil and religious state of France, have engaged M. Renan's thoughts, as they must do at times those of all men who are not utterly selfish; but the tone assumed by the author is too supercilious; and what M. Renan mistakes for philosophic calmness has sometimes the appearance of downright contempt for the wretched mortals who are obliged, from their want of intellectual culture, to dwell amidst the *terre à terre* interests of every-day politics. Our readers may remember the excitement caused by the publication of M. Quinet's book on the French Revolution; the preface to the *Questions Contemporaines* gives us an estimate of that event which is quite as severe and quite as just. In a few words we have all the imperfections of the society which has sprung from the Revolution pointed out and clearly defined. M. Renan indeed finds special fault, not so much with the attempt made to reconstitute the framework of the social edifice as with the men to whom the task was entrusted. How could anything permanently good proceed from the combined efforts of a few petty jurists, a handful of cowardly politicians, and statesmen whose intellectual culture was absolutely null? Nothing, of course; but we doubt whether even the greatest genius could have solved the problem, if he had systematically set aside the religious element. From various points of view M. Renan criticizes the system which now prevails in France; he compares it to the regular cut-and-dried civilization of China, and he comes to the conclusion that our passion for progress has positively taken us back to that ingenious but withering scheme of government which has from time immemorial flourished in the Celestial Empire. We have dwelt chiefly upon the preface to the *Questions Contemporaines*, because it is the only new part of the work. The essays which follow it are, however, well worth a second perusal.

M. Albert Rilliet has endeavoured † to apply to the history of Switzerland the method originated many years ago by Niebuhr. According to him, the *origines* of the Helvetic Confederation have been completely misunderstood. Historians have generally assumed the three following propositions:—1. The inhabitants of the Waldstätten (Uri, Schwyz, and Unterwald) belong to a class of people totally different from the circumjacent populations. 2. They enjoyed from time immemorial the most absolute freedom, which they occasionally surrendered, but only of their own accord, to the Kings or Dukes of Austria. 3. These Dukes or Kings, taking advantage of their position, behaved in the most arbitrary manner towards the Waldstätten; they sent amongst them bailiffs and other agents who committed acts of wanton cruelty and oppression. Thus one of them, Gessler by name, compelled William Tell to shoot an apple placed on the head of his son; another was killed in the attempt to insult a woman; a third ordered the eyes of a man to be put out whose cattle he wanted to appropriate. Excited by such unbearable abuse of power, these men took upon themselves to rescue their

* *Questions Contemporaines*. Par Ernest Renan. Paris: Lévy.

† *Origines de la Confédération Suisse, Histoire et Légende*. Par Albert Rilliet. Genève: Georg.

native country from the Austrian yoke. Walter Fürst of Uri, Werner Stauffach of Schwyz, and Arnold von Melchthal of Unterwalden met together at the Grütli, formed a conspiracy, and by a sudden display of energy the revolution was accomplished. Such is the commonly received story which M. Albert Rilliet aims at upsetting. He contends, in opposition to the three hypotheses just adduced:—1. That the inhabitants of the Waldstätten, like their neighbours, belonged to the great family of the Allemanni. 2. That they were at an early time under the feudal rule of the 'Dukes of Austria, who enjoyed with undisturbed security their rights as sovereigns, and whose agents or delegates never committed the acts of violence recorded by tradition. 3. That the Helvetic Confederation was the result, not of a sudden explosion of resistance to despotism, but of a series of efforts which found their culminating point in the battle of Morgarten. As a necessary corollary of this statement, the meeting at the Grütli, the episode of William Tell, nay the very person of the brave archer himself, are pure myths. In support of his theory, M. Rilliet quotes the evidence both of official documents and of contemporary writers. He shows that the popular legend has no authority whatever, and he traces in particular the story of William Tell to a Scandinavian fable handed down by Saxo Grammaticus. The work before us is divided into two parts, the former giving the historical facts, and the latter placing before us the fictitious account. An appendix of *pièces justificatives* completes the volume.

M. Charles Clément's valuable monograph on Géricault * forms the natural sequel to M. Delécluze's *Louis David et son École*. Our author does not by any means deny the real genius of David, but he shows that the painter to whom we are indebted for the *Serment des Horaces*, whilst professing to study antiquity, did so from a point of view which admitted a considerable amount of mannerism. His style of painting reminds us forcibly of Racine's tragedies, and the Greeks and Romans whom he groups together on his canvas stand in the same relation to reality as the Britannicus and the Andromache of the great poet. Racine's school soon degenerated, so did that of David. Whilst the master's genius could not be easily imitated in either case, his faults were, on the contrary, reproduced without any effort. A reaction, however, was inevitable, and with that reaction Géricault became identified. Very few persons are now alive who remember the sensation produced by the famous picture now at the Louvre, known by the name of *Le Naufrage de la Méduse*. It was so diametrically opposed to all the received traditions of the classical school that it met with the severest, and, let us add, the most absurd criticism; even political motives became an element in the animated controversy which then took place, and Géricault immediately rose to the position of a *chef d'école*, just as M. Victor Hugo did a little later, when he brought out his *Hernani*. M. Clément has given in detail the whole history of the *Naufrage de la Méduse*. The volume is well written, and the *catalogue raisonné* of Géricault's works will be found very complete.

The history of the army constitutes one of the most important elements in a trustworthy account of civilization. The character, conditions, limits, and duties of military service have at various times undergone modifications determined by the constitution of society itself, and the progress of the one has always been affected by that of the other. We think, therefore, that M. Auguste Vitu was well advised when he endeavoured to carry out the programme published fifteen years ago by the Académie des Sciences Morales et Politiques, the subject of which was the determination of the different forms through which military establishments have passed in France since the foundation of the monarchy. The first volume of his work† takes us as far back as the days of Cæsar, and brings us to the close of the feudal period. It is the result of considerable research, and the numerous foot-notes prove that M. Auguste Vitu has made good use of the laws, capitularies, and other documents bearing on his subject. In discussing this important matter we must remember, with M. Vitu, two principal things. In the first place, the obligation of military service was in the old societies what it is now—the distinctive mark of a citizen. Those alone who form part of the State, and who benefit by the advantages which the State guarantees to its members, are bound to bear arms on its behalf, and to defend it at the peril of their lives. This proposition is not the expression of a local or temporary truth, limited by certain conditions of social and political existence. It has prevailed at all times and in all places, and is an axiom of natural law. Amongst the Romans it was known as the *jus militiæ*, and formed part of the *jus civitatis*. It corresponded to the obligation which the Gauls had to undergo in the case of a *concilium armatum*; it originated the *landwehr* of the Germans, and the *arrière-ban* of feudal France. But, in the second place, the relations between patron and client, lord and vassal, produced a second form of military service, the terms of which were defined by private contract. Nor must we forget that slaves, being considered *pro loco rerum*, were not qualified to carry arms, and that the position of a citizen was always regarded as implying the enjoyment of a certain amount of property; so that in fact all paupers found themselves excluded from the privilege or duty of serving as soldiers. Here we have the chief difference which separates the military system of modern France from what it was before the Revolution of 1789. M. Auguste Vitu's book is a

complete history of the feudal system, and forms a kind of supplement to the Lectures of M. Guizot, and to the *Lettres sur l'Histoire de France* of M. Augustin Thierry.

The Revolution which began in France with the taking of the Bastille, and which has ever since followed its capricious career, oscillating between the blind rule of the mob and the stern régime of absolute monarchy, is identified with two classes of politicians diametrically opposed to each other, and whose influence, alternately exerted as the tide of affairs rolled in one direction or in the other, sprang from exactly the same principle, although it appealed to different ideas and aimed at different results. The De Maistres and the Robespierres represent two extreme views, but they had more points in common than they would have been willing to acknowledge; they were *théoriciens* above all, and, as such, their popularity has been fraught with evil results. It is true that the author of the *Soirées de Saint-Petersbourg* never had the chance of seeing his doctrines carried out, but it is easy to perceive the terrible consequences to which they must have led if they had been reduced into practice by earnest and fervent disciples. Between these two categories of thinkers a distinguished place should be reserved for those wiser men who attempted to keep the Revolution within bounds, and to place necessary reforms under the guidance of the King. Malouet was one of these, and his memoirs*, now published for the first time sixty years after they were written, deserve to be numbered amongst the most important and instructive documents of an epoch which is still regarded from too prejudiced a point of view. It is perhaps the greatest praise we can give to Malouet, that shortly after the beginning of the revolutionary crisis he was, as he remarks, equally estranged from his political friends and from his adversaries. He had the sense to perceive that reforms were imperatively required, and that, on the other hand, they should be brought about, not by a social cataclysm, but by the progressive development of those liberal principles which the constitution of the French monarchy already recognised and sanctioned. The memoirs of Malouet are not perhaps distinguished by the wit, the anecdotes, and the gossiping details which are so conspicuous in other autobiographies of the same epoch; they seem to us, however, extremely instructive, and they are full of curious particulars, both as regards the first few years of the Revolution and the administration of the French colonies.

M. Eugène Despois speaks ironically, of course, when he talks about the *Vandalisme Révolutionnaire*†. His volume is a curious instance of special pleading, and his readers might almost be inclined to conclude that the National Convention, instead of destroying everything, as persons generally suppose, really opened a new era of civilization and intellectual culture of all kinds. It would be ridiculous to deny that many useful plans were devised and carried out by the French Republican Government; but it is equally ridiculous to acquit them altogether of the most absurd acts of Vandalism, to quote M. Despois' expression; and our author himself is obliged to plead, on their behalf, extenuating circumstances. Because the early Christian rulers ordered the destruction of the monuments of heathen art, it does not follow that the sans-culotte rulers of France acted wisely in mutilating the churches; and the fanaticism of the Bishop Theodoret is no justification of the patriots who gutted the Abbey of St. Denis.

Like M. Despois, M. E. Bersot is a staunch Liberal, and the object of his little book‡ is to prove that both atheism and materialism are thoroughly incompatible with sound views of freedom. He assumes that the French youth of the present day must not be judged by the writings of those who advocate so loudly the theories of M. Auguste Comte; we can only hear, he says, the men who speak, and especially the men who bawl out. This is true; but the question remains whether those noisy exponents of a destructive philosophy are not really the interpreters of the thoughts of the community. If they do not represent the opinions and the sympathies of the age, why are their works so popular? why is there not a general protest against them? Thus far M. Bersot is, we believe, quite mistaken. On the other hand, we sympathise with him when he discourses on toleration, and endeavours to free metaphysical science from the fetters which Hegelianism and positivism have flung around it.

M. D'Archiac's report on the progress of the study of paleontology in France§ deserves a much fuller notice than we can here bestow upon it. Few countries have undergone to the same extent as France those revolutions which at various times have modified the conditions both of climate and of geographical aspect; few present in so accessible a form subjects of observation for the naturalist and the philosopher. Consequently, since the time when our neighbours began to direct their attention to the study of paleontology, the progress of the science has been most rapid. M. D'Archiac aims at giving the present state of knowledge as regards each geological formation throughout France; but it begins with a retrospective glance, and the name of Bernard Palissy is the first in his list. It is somewhat remarkable that, after the crude and imperfect observations made by the Saintongeais potter, a century elapsed without any further movement being attempted in the same direction on the other side of the

* *Mémoires de Malouet*. Publiés par son petit-fils. Paris: Didier.

† *Le Vandalisme Révolutionnaire*. Par Eugène Despois. Paris: Germer-Baillière.

‡ *Libre Philosophie*. Par E. Bersot. Paris: Germer-Baillière.

§ *La Paléontologie en France*. Par E. D'Archiac, Membre de l'Institut. Paris and London: L. Hachette & Co.

* *Géricault, Étude biographique et critique*. Par Charles Clément. Paris: Didier.

† *Histoire civile de l'Armée*. Par Auguste Vitu. Paris: Didier.

Channel; and Italy, Germany, and England had produced distinguished palæontologists whilst France could scarcely boast of one. Our author gives, as he goes on, a general account of the principal works written on the science with which he is so familiar, and he then deals with his special subject—the palæontology of the present day. According to the tastes and opportunities of the observer, he can adopt different points of view. Thus we may imagine researches carried on stratigraphically, so to speak, and treating of the constitution of the earth as the various strata present themselves. Other works are conceived, on the contrary, from an essentially organic standpoint; their authors, instead of selecting such or such an epoch, such or such a stratum, study perhaps a distinct family of animals or plants—one applying himself to an examination of the fossil molluscs, another writing on ferns, palm-trees, or mosses. Hence the first two divisions of M. D'Archiac's volume; the third and last treats of the palæontology of foreign countries. Notes, bibliographical indications, and tables increase the value of this excellent work.

M. Germer-Baillière has added to his list of publications a new volume entitled *L'Année Philosophique**, which opens a fresh series of the popular periodical *résumés* commenced some ten years ago by Messrs. Hachette. M. Pillon, the responsible editor of the duodecimo before us, takes the word "philosophy" in a far wider sense than most French critics are wont to do. For him it includes the whole circle of human knowledge, and therefore an *annuaire philosophique*, strictly speaking, condensed within the limits of five or six hundred pages, would be a downright impossibility. We are not surprised, therefore, that M. Pillon reserves for distinct survey all subjects referring to physical and biological science, religion, logic, psychology, and metaphysics. At present he is satisfied with giving us a review of recent publications on ethics, æsthetics, history, and language. A general introduction, for which we are indebted to the pen of M. Renouvier, treats of the leading systems of philosophy which are now contending for influence over the minds of thinkers; this preliminary disquisition gives from the Kantian point of view a very fair, but at the same time a very searching, criticism of the theories identified with the well-known names of Saint-Simon, Auguste Comte, and Proudhon. The *Année Philosophique* has been composed in a decidedly liberal spirit, and the chief fault we have to find with it is that it omits entirely to discuss certain publications which from their importance ought at least to have been mentioned, especially as it does not profess to confine itself to abstracts of French works.

One of the authors who have found a place in M. Pillon's *résumé* is M. Marc Dufraisse, whose volume, entitled *Histoire du Droit de Guerre et de Paix de 1789 à 1815*† has likewise reached us. Between the spirit of absolutism and the spirit of conquest, says M. Dufraisse, there is a correlation as inevitable as that which exists between the theories of freedom at home and peace abroad. Not only does a despot feel that his prestige cannot last without military glory, not only is he compelled to keep his army unceasingly occupied, but international treaties are not, in his opinion, more binding than constitutional laws, and the freedom which his neighbours enjoy is for his own subjects both a perpetual threat and a pernicious example. Such is the proposition illustrated by M. Marc Dufraisse from the history of France between 1789 and 1815. His book is an eloquent censure of Napoleon's Government, and he shows with much force the truth of the trite maxim, that a conquering nation can never be permanently free.

The twenty-third volume of the Buonaparte Correspondence‡, just published, is the best comment we could suggest on the book we have just noticed. It is almost entirely taken up with the details relating to the organization of the French army, the campaign of Russia, and the arrangements necessary to counteract the coalition which was preparing against the insatiable ambition of the Emperor. The pretexts occasionally alleged by Napoleon, with a view to justify the arbitrary acts which he is constantly performing, are sometimes ridiculous, such as in the case of the Pope's removal from Savona to Fontainebleau. No one is allowed to give political news of even the most insignificant character, and Madame la Maréchale Suchet gets a scolding for making a few remarks on the health of the troops.

After having taken an active part in political life, M. de Gasparin now continues, as a writer, to serve the cause which he heretofore defended in the French legislative assemblies. Moral freedom is the theme of his new book§; morality and liberty, two common-places, he says, but which perhaps, for this very reason, need to be constantly explained and upheld. Our author begins by showing what the idea of liberty was in the ancient world; he takes us to the banks of the Ganges, to Persia, Greece, Rome. His information is generally of a second-hand character, but it is carefully selected and neatly put together. With the preaching of Christianity the principle of freedom at last assumes its proper place in civilization, and it fights its way to the government of the world through the darkness of the mediæval epoch and the struggles of modern times. One division of the work—and that not the least interesting—is taken up by an inquiry into the influence of literature on the subject discussed. Amongst

the *livres de la liberté* M. de Gasparin places Æschylus, Demosthenes, Tacitus, Lucan, Milton, Shakspeare, Corneille, Schiller, and Cervantes; the champions of bondage, or rather the amiable corruptors of the public taste, are Goethe, Suetonius, Ovid, Montaigne, and La Fontaine. What our author calls the "Latin tradition" in our educational system is decidedly condemned by him, nor does he admire in the sphere of æsthetics the famous theory of art for art's sake.

We must notice, before concluding, a few interesting volumes of a practical character. Madame Hippolyte Meunier's wholesome advice on points of sanitary moment* loses nothing of its value by being put in an attractive form. The *Boutique du Marchand de Nouveautés*† is an admirable attempt to give popular information on the subject of textile produce, its uses and its value. M. Joanne goes on with his travellers' handbooks, and invites us, this time‡, to follow him through the north-east districts of France. M. Vivien de Saint-Martin presents the lovers of geographical science with his sixth *compte-rendu*.§ We have already often remarked on the extreme accuracy of the *Année Géographique*; the bibliographical portion of the volume alone would suffice to recommend it.

Amongst works of fiction there are none which deserve to be mentioned here, M. Auguste Barbier's novelettes excepted.¶ *La Plage d'Étretat*¶ is an amusing trifle, describing life at a fashionable watering-place. The Countess Dash**, like most contemporary French novelists who aim at being thought qualified to point a moral, does so at the expense of propriety and good taste.

* *Les Causeries du Docteur*. Par Madame H. Meunier. Paris and London: L. Hachette & Co.

† *La Boutique du Marchand de Nouveautés*. Par Eugène Muller. Paris and London: L. Hachette & Co.

‡ *Collections des Guides-Joanne. Vosges et Ardennes*. Paris and London: L. Hachette & Co.

§ *L'Année Géographique*. Par M. Vivien de Saint-Martin. 6^e Année. Paris and London: L. Hachette & Co.

¶ *Trois Passions*. Par Auguste Barbier. Paris: Dentu.

¶ *La Plage d'Étretat*. Paris: Lévy.

** *Comment Tombent les Femmes*. Par la Comtesse Dash. Paris: Lévy.

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* *L'Année Philosophique*. Par F. Pillon. Paris: Germer-Baillière.

† *Histoire du Droit de Guerre et de Paix de 1789 à 1815*. Par M. Marc Dufraisse. Paris: Le Chevalier.

‡ *Correspondance de l'Empereur Napoléon I.* Tome 23. Paris: Plon.

§ *La Liberté Morale*. Par le Comte A. de Gasparin. Paris: Lévy.

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IMPERIAL FIRE INSURANCE COMPANY,
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SUBSCRIBED AND INVESTED CAPITAL AND RESERVE FUND, £1,000,000.

LOSSES PAID, £3,000,000.

Fire Insurances granted on every description of Property, at Home and Abroad, at moderate rates.

Claims liberally and promptly settled.

JAMES HOLLAND, Superintendent.

Established 1834, and Incorporated by Royal Charter.

SCOTTISH UNION INSURANCE COMPANY (Fire and Life), 37 Cornhill, London, E.C. Moderate Rates of Premium. Liberal Conditions.

Prompt Settlements.

ROBERT STRACHAN, Secretary.

FOUNDED 1836.

LEGAL and GENERAL LIFE ASSURANCE SOCIETY,
10 FLEET STREET, E.C.

Policies of this Society are guaranteed by very ample Funds; receive Nine-tenths of the total Profits as Bonus; enjoy peculiar "Whole-World" and other distinctive privileges; and are protected by special conditions against liability to future question.

New Assurances in 1867 £42,000
Corresponding New Premiums 14,200

E. A. NEWTON, Actuary and Manager.

IMPERIAL LIFE INSURANCE COMPANY.Instituted 1820.
The Security of a Subscribed Capital of £700,000, and an Assurance Fund amounting to more than seven years' purchase of the total Annual Income.

Eighty per cent. of the Profits divided among the Assured every Fifth Year.

Assurances of all kinds, Without Profits, at considerably Reduced Rates.

Policies granted at very Low Rates of Premium for the First Five Years.

The most liberal Conditions in respect of Foreign Residence and Travel, Revival of Lapsed Policies, and Surrender Values.

Whole World Licenses free of charge, when the circumstances are favourable.

Endowments for Children.

Annuities—Immediate, Deferred, or Reversionary.

Notices of Assignment registered and acknowledged without a fee.

The revised Prospectus, with full Particulars and Tables, to be obtained at the Company's Offices in London, 1 Old Broad Street, E.C., and 16 FILL MALL, S.W., and of the Agents throughout the Kingdom.

ANDREW BADEN, Actuary.

HAND-IN-HAND FIRE and LIFE INSURANCE OFFICE,
1 NEW BRIDGE STREET, BLACKFRIARS, E.C.

The Oldest Office in the Kingdom. Instituted for Fire Business, A.D. 1696. Extended to Life, 1836.

The Whole of the Profits divided Yearly amongst the Members.

RETURNS FOR 1867.

FIRE DEPARTMENT—66 per Cent. of the Premiums paid on First Class Risks.

LIFE DEPARTMENT—55 per Cent. of the Premiums on all Policies of above Five Years' standing.

ACCUMULATED CAPITAL (25th December 1866), £1,126,541.

The Directors are willing to appoint, as Agents, Persons of good Position and Character.

ROYAL EXCHANGE ASSURANCE CORPORATION.

(Established A.D. 1720, by Charter of King George I., and confirmed by Special Acts of Parliament.)

Chief Offices, ROYAL EXCHANGE, LONDON; Branch, 20 FILL MALL.

OCTAVIUS WIGRAM, Esq., Governor.

JAMES STEWART HODGSON, Esq., Sub-Governor.

CHARLES JOHN MANNING, Esq., Deputy-Governor.

Directors.

Robert Barclay, Esq.
John Garrett Cressley, Esq.
Mark Currie Close, Esq.
Edward James Daniell, Esq.
William Davidson, Esq.
Lancelot William Dent, Esq.
Alexander Druce, Esq.
Frederick Joseph Edman, Esq.
Charles Hermann Goehnen, Esq.
Riversdale Wm. Grenfell, Esq.
Francis Alexander Hamilton, Esq.
Robert Amadeus Heath, Esq.

Fire, Life, and Marine Assurances on liberal terms.

The Duty on Fire Assurances has been reduced to the uniform rate of 1s. 6d. per cent. per annum.

No Charge is made by this Corporation for Fire Policy or Stamp, however small the Assurance may be.

Life Assurances with or without participation in Profits.

Divisions of Profit every Five Years.

Any sum up to £10,000 insurable on the same Life.

The Corporation bear the cost of Policy Stamps and Medical Fees.

A liberal participation in Profits, with the guarantee of a large invested Capital Stock, and exemption, under Royal Charter, from the liabilities of partnership.

The advantages of modern practice, with the security of an Office whose resources have been tested by the experience of nearly a Century and a half.

A Prospectus and Table of Bonus will be forwarded on application.

ROBERT P. STEELE, Secretary.

CLERICAL, MEDICAL, and GENERAL LIFE ASSURANCE SOCIETY.

13 ST. JAMES'S SQUARE, LONDON, S.W.

Established 1824.

FINANCIAL RESULTS OF THE SOCIETY'S OPERATIONS.

The Annual Income, steadily increasing, exceeds £218,000

The Assurance Fund, safely invested, is over £1,507,000

The Bonus added to Policies at the last Division was £72,682

The Total Claims by Death paid amount to £239,576

The following are among the distinctive features of the Society:

CREDIT SYSTEM.—On any Policy for the whole of Life, where the age does not exceed Sixty, one half of the Annual Premiums during the first Five years may remain on credit, and may either continue as a debt on the Policy, or be paid off at any time.

LOW RATES OF PREMIUMS FOR YOUNG LIVES, with early participation in Profits.

ENDOWMENT ASSURANCES may be effected, without Profits, by which the Sum Assured becomes payable on the attainment of a specified age, or at death, whichever event shall first happen.

INVALID LIVES may be assured at rates proportioned to the increased risk.

PROMPT SETTLEMENT OF CLAIMS.—Claims paid Thirty days after proof of Death.

THE REVERSIONARY BONUS at the Quinquennial Division in 1867 averaged 45 per Cent., and the CASH BONUS 36 per Cent., on the Premiums paid in the Five years.

THE NEXT DIVISION OF PROFITS will take place in January 1872, and persons who effect New Policies before the end of June next will be entitled at that Division to one year's additional share of Profits over later Entrants.

Tables of Rates and Forms of Proposal can be obtained of any of the Society's Agents, or of

GEORGE CUTLIFLIFE, Actuary and Secretary.

13 St. James's Square, London, S.W.

LAVERS, BARRAUD, & WESTLAKE, Artists in GLASS,
WALL PAINTING, and MOSAIC, and Dealers of MONUMENTAL BRASSES,
Endell Street, Bloomsbury, London, and at 93 Bridge Street, Manchester.**PATENT ENCAUSTIC, GEOMETRICAL, and GLAZED**
TILES, Sound, Durable, and in bright Colours, for Churches, Halls, and Corridors.Manufacturers, MALKIN & CO., Burslem, Staffordshire.
London Agents, HARLAND & FISHER, Ecclesiastical Decorators, 33 Southampton Street, Strand, where Designs and all Information may be had.**FARMER & ROGERS** respectfully intimate that they allow
for READY MONEY a DISCOUNT OF FIVE PER CENT. upon all Purchases
exceeding 20s.
Regent Street, London, and Marlborough House, Brighton.**FARMER & ROGERS** announce the completion of their
Arrangements for the present Season, and request attention to their Magnificent Variety
of SHAWLS, CLOAKS, SILKS, FANCY COSTUMES, and DRESSES.

COSTUMES OF THE SEASON.

THE HYACINTH.

POMPADOUR.

MARIANA ROBE DE SOIE.

CLOAKS OF THE SEASON, FOR THE PROMENADE.

MARIE ANTOINETTE.

PAULINE.

FLORETTE.

THE GEM.

All graceful Shapes, and exquisitely trimmed.

OPERA CLOAKS OF THE SEASON.

THE TYCOON, made without a seam, elegant and graceful.

THE UMBRISER, bordered Opera Cloak. Great care has been bestowed upon the manufacture of this Novelty, which is one of the most successful Indian effects ever produced.

The above exclusive and recherche Novelties have been designed expressly for FARMER & ROGERS, and can be purchased only at their Establishments, 171, 174, 175, and 179 Regent Street, London, and Marlborough House, Brighton.

NICOLL'S GUINEA WATERPROOF TWEED, and their
TWO-GUINEA MELTON CLOTH OVERCOATS, are patronised by
Travellers all over the World.

LADIES' WATERPROOF TWEED CLOAKS, One Guinea.

RIDING HABITS, Three to Six Guineas.—EQUESTRIAN OUTFITS Complete.

H. J. & D. NICOLL, 114 to 120 Regent Street, and 22 Cornhill, London;

10 Mosley Street, Manchester; 50 Bold Street, Liverpool.

SERVANTS' LIVERIES, Best, at Moderate Prices.

H. J. & D. NICOLL, 114 to 120 Regent Street, and 22 Cornhill, London;

10 Mosley Street, Manchester; 50 Bold Street, Liverpool.

GOOD FLOOR CLOTH
NEW DESIGNS.

TRELOAR, 67 Ludgate Hill.

INTENDING PURCHASERS OF THE SMEE'S SPRING

MATTRESS, TUCKER'S PATENT, or SOMMER TUCKER, are respectfully

cautioned against various recent infringements, preserving somewhat the appearance

of the Original, but wanting all its essential advantages.

Each Genuine Mattress bears the Label "Tucker's Patent," and a Number.

The Smees' Spring Mattress, Tucker's Patent, received the only Prize Medal or Honorable

Mention given to Bedding of any description at the International Exhibition, 1862, and may

be obtained, price from 25s., of most respectable Bedding Warehousemen and Upholsterers, and

Wholesale of the Manufacturers.

WILLIAM SMEE & SONS, Finsbury, near Moorgate Railway Terminus, London, E.C.

EASY CHAIRS, COUCHES, and SOFAS, the Best Made.

300 different Shapes constantly on View for Selection and Immediate Delivery. Easy

Chairs made to any Shape on approval.—FILER & SON, Upholsterers, 31 and 37 Berners

Street, Oxford Street, W.; Factory, 34 and 35 Charles Street.—An Illustrated Catalogue post

free.

GOLDSMITHS' ALLIANCE, Limited, 11 and 12 Cornhill,

London, MANUFACTURING SILVERSMITHS, have the pleasure to announce that

they have recently finished several new Patterns of SILVER TEA and COFFEE SERVICES

of the most elegant design and highest finish. The following are much approved:

THE BEADED PATTERN, With Engraved Shields.

THE GORDON PATTERN, Richly Chased.

Silver Coffee Pot £ s. d.

Silver Tea Pot 17 5 0

Silver Sugar Basin 12 10 0

Silver Cream Ewer 9 0 0

Silver Cream Ewer 5 10 0

Silver Cream Ewer 5 10 0

Silver Cream Ewer 5 10 0

Silver Cream Ewer 5 10 0

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HEAL & SON, Tottenham Court Road, W.

IRON and BRASS BEDSTEADS.—HEAL & SON have on Show 130 Patterns of IRON and BRASS BEDSTEADS, ready fixed for inspection in their extensive Show Rooms, and their Stock consists of 2,000 Bedsteads, so that they supply Orders on the shortest notice.
 Manufactory—196, 197, 198 Tottenham Court Road, London, W.

HEAL & SON, Tottenham Court Road, W.

CHUBB'S PATENT LOCKS and SAFES, with all the newest Improvements. Street-door Latches, Cash and Dead Boxes, Strong-room Doors. CHUBB & SON, 57 St. Paul's Churchyard, London; 68 Cross Street, Manchester; 28 Lord Street, Liverpool; and Horsley Fields, Wolverhampton.—Illustrated Price List sent free.

DINNER, DESSERT, BREAKFAST, TEA, and TOILET SERVICES.—The Newest and Best Patterns always on view.

Every Description of CUT TABLE GLASS in great variety. The Stock has been selected with much care, and is admirably suited for parties furnishing to choose from.
 A large assortment of ORNAMENTAL GOODS, combining novelty with beauty.

First-class quality—superior taste—low prices.
 ALFRED B. PEARCE, 39 LUDGATE HILL, E.C. Established 1760.

IRON WINE BINS.—The Original Manufacturers, FARROW & JACKSON, Wine and Spirit Merchants' Engineers, Great Tower Street, Manseil Street, and Haymarket, where Cellars may be seen fitted in various ways.
 French Wine Bins, 12s. per 100 Bottles.
 Illustrated Price Catalogues on application.

The Paris Exhibition.—In Class 50, Honourable Mention has been adjudged to Farrow & Jackson, in Great Tower Street, for their convenient and sensible Iron Wine Bins, and for Bar-Hillings.—City Press.

RARE OLD WINES, for CONNOISSEURS.—Messrs. HEDGES & BUTLER invite attention to their extensive Stock of Choice Old PORT, selected and bottled with the utmost care, and now in the highest state of perfection, embracing the famous Vintages of 1820, 1831, 1837, 1845, 1851, and 1861, ranging in prices from 4s. to 14s. per dozen. White Port (very rare), 7s. 3d.; Pale and Brown Sherry, upwards of 50 years old, 12s.; choice old East India Sherry, 8s.; remarkably fine East India Madeira, very old in bottle, 6s.; Chateau Lafite, 8s.; Chateau Margaux, 6s.; Steinberger Quinet, 1851 Vintage, 12s.; Imperial Tokay, fine old Sack, Malmsey, Frontignan, Constantia, Vermaak, &c.

Wines for Ordinary Use:

Claret	18s.	24s.	30s.	36s.	per doz.
Sherry	24s.	30s.	36s.	42s.	per doz.
Port	24s.	30s.	36s.	42s.	per doz.
Champagne	30s.	42s.	48s.	60s.	per doz.
Black and Monelle	24s.	30s.	36s.	42s.	per doz.
Fine Old Pale Brandy	60s.	72s.	84s.	per doz.	

Full Lists of Prices on application. On receipt of a Post-Office Order, or Reference, any quantity will be forwarded immediately by HEDGES & BUTLER, 155 Regent Street, London, and 39 King's Road, Brighton (originally Established A.D. 1665).

ALLSOPP'S PALE and BURTON ALES.—The above ALES are now being supplied in the finest condition, in Bottles and in Casks, by FINDLATER, MACKIE, TODD, & CO., at their New London Bridge Stores, London Bridge, S.E.

ASSAM TEA.—THE UPPER ASSAM TEA COMPANY, Limited (Incorporated 1862), are now prepared to deliver their TEAS as received pure and direct from the Company's Plantations in Assam, in Packages from 1 lb. to 50 lbs. Terms—Cash. Camptol, 2s. 6d. per lb.; Southing, 3s. per lb.; and Pekoe, 4s. per lb. Orders must be accompanied by Remittance, and should be addressed to the Manager of the Depot of the

UPPER ASSAM TEA COMPANY, Limited,

King William Street, London, E.C.

TEAS and COFFEES.—E. LAZENBY & SON, Tea Merchants.—Strong Rough CONGOES, 2s. 6d. and 3s., for Household Use; Fine Souchong, 3s. 6d. and 4s., for the Drawing-room; in 1 lb. and 20 lbs. A Reduction of 1d. per lb. on 14 lbs. and upwards, and Five per cent. Discount allowed for Cash with Order; Carriage paid on orders amounting to 47. Fine Ceylon COFFEES, 1s. 6d. and 1s. 8d. per lb.; Choice Old MOCHA, 2s. 6d. per lb.
 E. LAZENBY & SON, Tea Merchants, 6 Edwards Street, Portman Square, London, W.
 N.B. Sole Proprietors of the Receipt for Harvey's Sauce. Samples and General Priced Catalogue post free on application.

E. LAZENBY & SON beg to direct attention to the following

Price List of Wines:

SHERRIES—Good Dinner Wines	per dozen.
BIBERIES—Fine Wines, Pale or Golden	24s., 30s.
AMONTILLADO and MANZANILLA	30s., 42s.
VINO DE PASTO, a Full Dry Wine	42s., 48s.
PORTS—Crusted	30s., 42s., 48s.
PORTS—Newly Bottled	30s., 42s., 48s.
CLARETS—Pure Sound Wines	18s., 24s., 30s.
CLARETS—Fine, with Bouquet	18s., 24s., 30s.
CHAMPAGNE—First Brand, Dry Wines, 36s., 42s., 48s., 54s., 60s., 66s., 72s., 78s., 84s., 90s., 96s., 102s., 108s., 114s., 120s., 126s., 132s., 138s., 144s., 150s., 156s., 162s., 168s., 174s., 180s., 186s., 192s., 198s., 204s., 210s., 216s., 222s., 228s., 234s., 240s., 246s., 252s., 258s., 264s., 270s., 276s., 282s., 288s., 294s., 300s., 306s., 312s., 318s., 324s., 330s., 336s., 342s., 348s., 354s., 360s., 366s., 372s., 378s., 384s., 390s., 396s., 402s., 408s., 414s., 420s., 426s., 432s., 438s., 444s., 450s., 456s., 462s., 468s., 474s., 480s., 486s., 492s., 498s., 504s., 510s., 516s., 522s., 528s., 534s., 540s., 546s., 552s., 558s., 564s., 570s., 576s., 582s., 588s., 594s., 600s., 606s., 612s., 618s., 624s., 630s., 636s., 642s., 648s., 654s., 660s., 666s., 672s., 678s., 684s., 690s., 696s., 702s., 708s., 714s., 720s., 726s., 732s., 738s., 744s., 750s., 756s., 762s., 768s., 774s., 780s., 786s., 792s., 798s., 804s., 810s., 816s., 822s., 828s., 834s., 840s., 846s., 852s., 858s., 864s., 870s., 876s., 882s., 888s., 894s., 900s., 906s., 912s., 918s., 924s., 930s., 936s., 942s., 948s., 954s., 960s., 966s., 972s., 978s., 984s., 990s., 996s., 1002s., 1008s., 1014s., 1020s., 1026s., 1032s., 1038s., 1044s., 1050s., 1056s., 1062s., 1068s., 1074s., 1080s., 1086s., 1092s., 1098s., 1104s., 1110s., 1116s., 1122s., 1128s., 1134s., 1140s., 1146s., 1152s., 1158s., 1164s., 1170s., 1176s., 1182s., 1188s., 1194s., 1200s., 1206s., 1212s., 1218s., 1224s., 1230s., 1236s., 1242s., 1248s., 1254s., 1260s., 1266s., 1272s., 1278s., 1284s., 1290s., 1296s., 1302s., 1308s., 1314s., 1320s., 1326s., 1332s., 1338s., 1344s., 1350s., 1356s., 1362s., 1368s., 1374s., 1380s., 1386s., 1392s., 1398s., 1404s., 1410s., 1416s., 1422s., 1428s., 1434s., 1440s., 1446s., 1452s., 1458s., 1464s., 1470s., 1476s., 1482s., 1488s., 1494s., 1500s., 1506s., 1512s., 1518s., 1524s., 1530s., 1536s., 1542s., 1548s., 1554s., 1560s., 1566s., 1572s., 1578s., 1584s., 1590s., 1596s., 1602s., 1608s., 1614s., 1620s., 1626s., 1632s., 1638s., 1644s., 1650s., 1656s., 1662s., 1668s., 1674s., 1680s., 1686s., 1692s., 1698s., 1704s., 1710s., 1716s., 1722s., 1728s., 1734s., 1740s., 1746s., 1752s., 1758s., 1764s., 1770s., 1776s., 1782s., 1788s., 1794s., 1800s., 1806s., 1812s., 1818s., 1824s., 1830s., 1836s., 1842s., 1848s., 1854s., 1860s., 1866s., 1872s., 1878s., 1884s., 1890s., 1896s., 1902s., 1908s., 1914s., 1920s., 1926s., 1932s., 1938s., 1944s., 1950s., 1956s., 1962s., 1968s., 1974s., 1980s., 1986s., 1992s., 1998s., 2004s., 2010s., 2016s., 2022s., 2028s., 2034s., 2040s., 2046s., 2052s., 2058s., 2064s., 2070s., 2076s., 2082s., 2088s., 2094s., 2100s., 2106s., 2112s., 2118s., 2124s., 2130s., 2136s., 2142s., 2148s., 2154s., 2160s., 2166s., 2172s., 2178s., 2184s., 2190s., 2196s., 2202s., 2208s., 2214s., 2220s., 2226s., 2232s., 2238s., 2244s., 2250s., 2256s., 2262s., 2268s., 2274s., 2280s., 2286s., 2292s., 2298s., 2304s., 2310s., 2316s., 2322s., 2328s., 2334s., 2340s., 2346s., 2352s., 2358s., 2364s., 2370s., 2376s., 2382s., 2388s., 2394s., 2400s., 2406s., 2412s., 2418s., 2424s., 2430s., 2436s., 2442s., 2448s., 2454s., 2460s., 2466s., 2472s., 2478s., 2484s., 2490s., 2496s., 2502s., 2508s., 2514s., 2520s., 2526s., 2532s., 2538s., 2544s., 2550s., 2556s., 2562s., 2568s., 2574s., 2580s., 2586s., 2592s., 2598s., 2604s., 2610s., 2616s., 2622s., 2628s., 2634s., 2640s., 2646s., 2652s., 2658s., 2664s., 2670s., 2676s., 2682s., 2688s., 2694s., 2700s., 2706s., 2712s., 2718s., 2724s., 2730s., 2736s., 2742s., 2748s., 2754s., 2760s., 2766s., 2772s., 2778s., 2784s., 2790s., 2796s., 2802s., 2808s., 2814s., 2820s., 2826s., 2832s., 2838s., 2844s., 2850s., 2856s., 2862s., 2868s., 2874s., 2880s., 2886s., 2892s., 2898s., 2904s., 2910s., 2916s., 2922s., 2928s., 2934s., 2940s., 2946s., 2952s., 2958s., 2964s., 2970s., 2976s., 2982s., 2988s., 2994s., 3000s., 3006s., 3012s., 3018s., 3024s., 3030s., 3036s., 3042s., 3048s., 3054s., 3060s., 3066s., 3072s., 3078s., 3084s., 3090s., 3096s., 3102s., 3108s., 3114s., 3120s., 3126s., 3132s., 3138s., 3144s., 3150s., 3156s., 3162s., 3168s., 3174s., 3180s., 3186s., 3192s., 3198s., 3204s., 3210s., 3216s., 3222s., 3228s., 3234s., 3240s., 3246s., 3252s., 3258s., 3264s., 3270s., 3276s., 3282s., 3288s., 3294s., 3300s., 3306s., 3312s., 3318s., 3324s., 3330s., 3336s., 3342s., 3348s., 3354s., 3360s., 3366s., 3372s., 3378s., 3384s., 3390s., 3396s., 3402s., 3408s., 3414s., 3420s., 3426s., 3432s., 3438s., 3444s., 3450s., 3456s., 3462s., 3468s., 3474s., 3480s., 3486s., 3492s., 3498s., 3504s., 3510s., 3516s., 3522s., 3528s., 3534s., 3540s., 3546s., 3552s., 3558s., 3564s., 3570s., 3576s., 3582s., 3588s., 3594s., 3600s., 3606s., 3612s., 3618s., 3624s., 3630s., 3636s., 3642s., 3648s., 3654s., 3660s., 3666s., 3672s., 3678s., 3684s., 3690s., 3696s., 3702s., 3708s., 3714s., 3720s., 3726s., 3732s., 3738s., 3744s., 3750s., 3756s., 3762s., 3768s., 3774s., 3780s., 3786s., 3792s., 3798s., 3804s., 3810s., 3816s., 3822s., 3828s., 3834s., 3840s., 3846s., 3852s., 3858s., 3864s., 3870s., 3876s., 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